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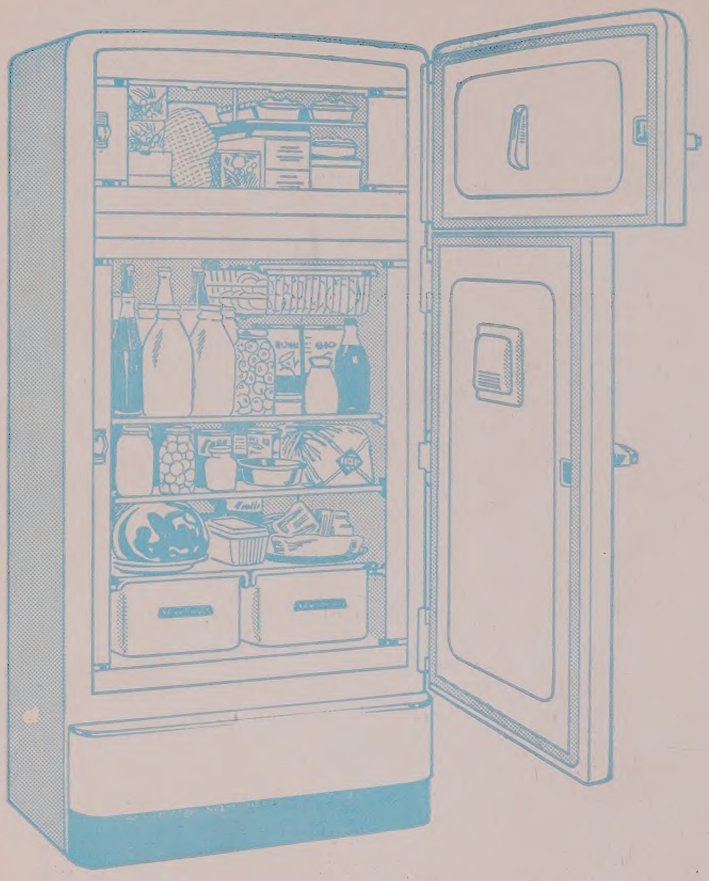

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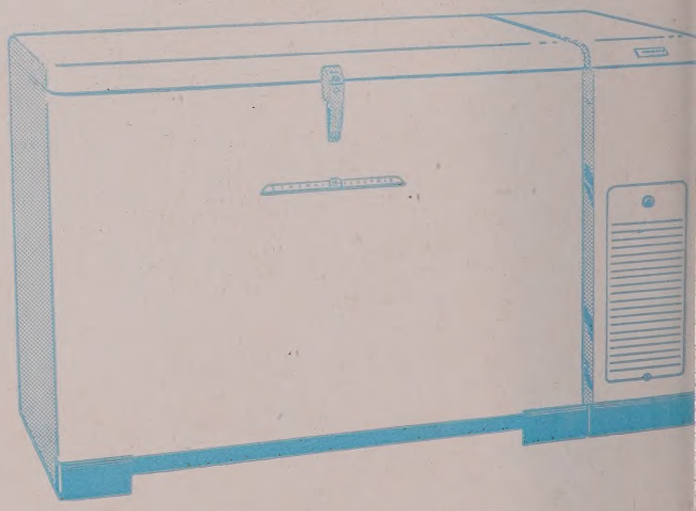

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DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS

THE ARMOR OF ACHILLES (Greek Vase)

ATHENE
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SPRING, 1950 DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS, Editor VOL. XI - No. 1

Teresa Macri, the "Maid of Athens"

1797-1875

By PROF. C. G. BROUZAS
(DEPT. OF CLASSICS, WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY)

Editor's Note: Prof. C. G. Brouzas, well known authority on Greek Letters and Art, is in charge of the Dept. of Classics, West Virginia University. He has written competently on themes affecting Greek literature, has read many important papers before learned societies and is chairman of the Board of the West Virginia University Bulletin in which this paper too appeared originally..

Maid of Athens, e'er we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.
—*Lord Byron.*

Some people are born great and others have fame thrust upon them. Teresa Macri belongs to the latter class. She was a lowly creature, poor and simple, who had fame thrust upon her from early youth through the magic name of Byron, who, leaving behind titles, fame, and fortune to fight for oppressed Greece, laid down his life at Mesolinghi for the Greece which he glorified and censured, loved and despised during his disillusioned moments. Such was the reflected glory cast by the romantic poet upon this orphaned girl, that she drew and retained throughout her long life the interest and sympathy, if also the curiosity, of many travellers, particularly among the English and Americans, who visited Greece soon after the publication of Byron's poem "The Maid of Athens" in 1812.

It is a curious fact that all the travellers I have been able to consult, whenever mentioning Teresa's mother, give her name regularly, but mistakenly, as Theodora; while none mentions her father's, except the *Century Cyclopedia of Names*, which gives us Theodore! Theresa's father was called Procopius and her mother Tarsia ,of the Batista Bretos family. William Anderson and others assert that Procopius was a Scotchman, but quite wrongly, I think. His father was Dr. Menas Macri, an Athenian who had settled there from Corcyra, where the family originally lived. In Athens he married Marianna Mourke, also an Athenian, who survived both her husband and her son. Dr. Menas and Marianna had one son and five daughters.

Procopius had become vice-consul for the English Levant Company, and consequently British vice-consul, though often he is called indiscriminately consul by most writers for the sake of brevity. In September 1799 he accompanied [Thomas?] Hope in an excursion to the Morea, and after 15 days was brought ill to the Peiraeus, where, within two hours, he died, October 2, at the age of 35. His mother felt the loss ever more keenly than the other family. Long after, she would have Procopius's cup brought to each tea party and placed in the saucer upside down on the table.

The Macri family, having been left without men and with slender means for support, eked out their subsistence by renting out some 60 olive trees and part of their house which adjoined the paternal one, to English travellers; while the three girls did some embroidery to help the expenses of the family. The three generations of the Macri women—grandmother, mother, and daughters—lived together as one family with the grandmother as the head of the household, and her younger daughter, Theodora, who was as yet unmarried, as the real manager of the Macri estate; especially the renting of the apartment to strangers because she could speak the English language. It is doubtless because of this that most of the travellers thought that Teresa's mother was called Theodora instead of her real name Tarsia. By 1813 Theodora married Dr. Vitali, an Italo-Greek from Syra, whose brother, or at any rate a relative, was British vice-consul on the island of Tinos.

Procopius and Tarsia Macri had three daughters, of whom Marianna was the eldest, Katinka or Catherine the second, and Teresa the third and youngest. Strange as it might appear, up to very recently, all the writers who mention the three sisters have made Teresa the first born, and even Byron mentions her first in his list. The only exception to this mistake in the early part of the 19th century is found in William Turner, who visited Athens in 1814 and published his journal in 1820. He gives the correct order of the girls and states that Teresa was the youngest. Demetrius Gr. Kampouroglos gave the correct order of the age of the girls in 1896 and again in 1921, but apparently none made use of

TERESA

The Maid of Athens

Note: The illustration is from Finden's **Illustrations to the Works of Lord Byron,** in which it bears the note, "Drawn by F. Stone from an original by T. Allason Esqr, 1812. Engraved by W. Finden." The title page bears this imprint: "London, published Jan. 1, 1832, by J. Murray Sold by C. Tilt, 86 Fleet St."

(Courtesy of Ralph Munn, Director, Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh, Pa.)

him until Peter Goesseler brought the fact again to our attention in 1937, and C. M. Dawson and A. E. Raubitschek repeated it in 1945, in an article written jointly.

When Byron and John Cam Hobhouse arrived at Athens on Christmas, they took lodging at the house of the Macri family, which was a small, typically Athenian house of the Turkish period. Owing to the fame conferred upon its occupants by Byron, this building was preserved by the Greek people and was still standing in 1923, when Harold Spender visited Athens.

Byron's arrival and sojourn in this house are graphically narrated by Hobhouse, Byron's friend and companion. Says he: "A few minutes brought us into Athens, at half after eight in the evening of Christmas Day, 1809, and we proceeded immediately to the house where our countrymen are usually lodged, and where we found an English traveller to congratulate us on our arrival. . . .

"During our stay at Athens, we occupied two houses separated from each other only by a single wall through which opened a doorway. One of them belongs to a Greek lady, whose name is Theodora Macri, the daughter of the late English Vice-Consul, . . . and who has to show many letters of recommentation, left in her hands by several English travellers. Her lodgings consisted of a sitting-room and two bedrooms, opening into a court-yard where there were five or six lemon-trees, from which, during our residence in the place, was plucked the fruit that seasoned the pilaf, and other national dishes served up at our frugal table."

Byron and Hobhouse stayed in this house from December 25, 1809, to March 4, 1810, when unexpectedly they found an opportunity of going to Smyrna on an English warship. "We were surprised," writes Hobhouse, "on Sunday the 4th of March, by a visit of the Captain of an English sloop of war, who offered us a passage in his ship to Smyrna, which we accepted; and accordingly made every arrangement for taking leave of the place where we had so long and so agreeably resided. Having sent off our baggage before us on the Monday morning, we bid adieu to Athens at a little after one o'clock, and passing through the gate leading to the Piraeus, we struck into the olive-wood on the road going to Salamis, galloping at a quick pace, in order to rid ourselves, by the hurry, of the pain of parting; for true it was, that we were not a little melancholy at quitting the country; and that although there was certainly not a single existing tie to bind us to the spot, we felt that uneasy sensation which arises on beholding probably for the last time, objects rendered familiar by long use and habit. We could not refrain from looking back, as we passed rapidly to the shore, and we continued to direct our eyes towards the spot, where we caught the last glimpse of the Theseum and the ruins of the Parthenon through the vistas in the woods, for many minutes after the city and the Acropolis had been totally hidden from our view. It was no affectation which drew from the philosophic Julian a tear at quitting his beloved Athens."

It is unfortunate that Hobhouse does not describe or even speak of Teresa, but judging from his statement about the looks of the Greek women in general, he must not have been very much impressed by Teresa's beauty or that of her sisters. "Both the face and form," he writes, "of the Greek women are very inferior to those of the men. Though they have the same kind of features, their eyes are too languid, and their complexions too pale, and, even from the age of 12, they have a flaccidity and looseness of person which is far from agreeable. They are generally below the height which we are accustomed to think becoming in a female, and when a little advanced in life, between 25 and 30 years of age, are commonly rather fat and unwieldy.

"That there are no exceptions to this general character, I do not, of course, mean to advance; but that I did not myself see any very pretty Greek woman during my tour, I can safely assert . . ."

Byron speaks of the Macri girls in his letter of May 3, 1810, to Reverend Henry Drury as follows: "I almost forgot to tell you that I am dying for the love of three Greek girls at Athens, sisters. I lived in the same house. Teresa, Mariana, and Katinka are the names of these divinities—all of them under fifteen. Two days later, writing to Reverend Francis Hodgson, Byron remarks: "An attachment to three Greek girls

at Athens, with a great deal of buffoonery and fine prospects form all that has distinguished my progress since my departure from Spain." Ellen Bosanquet imagines a romantic situation which stirred Byron's love. Says she: "It was an inflammatory situation, and Byron quickly seized the romantic possibilities, though Teresa, the oldest of the girls, was only fifteen. Before many days were over, he was on his knees before her with a dagger pointed at his bare chest, entreating her to take him or kill him . . ." The story, which followed an oriental custom, is told by Thomas Moore and repeated, among others, by Henley, Maurois, Prothero, Seche, and Frances Winwar, all of whom state that Byron gave himself a wound across his breast with his dagger while kneeling before Teresa, who apparently looked at him unconcerned. All these consider Teresa the eldest daughter.

Kampouroglos, fictionalizing, dramatizes the scene as follows: Byron shoots his pistol out of the window of the Macri house, and all rush to his room in anxiety, including the three girls: "Last came in Teresa without great excitement or surprise, Teresa, the third and youngest daughter. She was sufficiently apathetic all looked at Byron straight in the eye . . ." Soon the other two girls left the room. "Left alone, Teresa now looks Byron in the eye and asks with a smile of an indescribable sweetness: 'Why did you shoot? —I told you what happened!—I do not believe it.—Do you wish the truth?—That's why I am asking.—I fired the revolver because I wished to see you.—And was not there another way with less noise?'" Byron draws his knife and Teresa exclaims. He says: "'Why did you exclaim?—I saw the knife.—For this only?—At present for this.—You fear, but do not become emotional, my disbelieving beauty. Look, then, and become convinced.'" He opens his breast and touches it with his stiletto. And Teresa asks with some bewilderment (?????) but also with an imperturbability (?????): "Do Englishmen make love this way?" And Byron replies: "No. The Spaniards court thus. They pierce their breast before the girl of their love."

No one seems to know when this unusual form of courtship took place, but Ethel Mayne thinks it happened during the time that Hobhouse took a trip to Negroponte which lasted five days. Hobhouse mentions this trip and remarks that "Lord Byron was unexpectedly detained in Athens." "And this circumstance," comments Miss Mayne, "Mr. Ernest Coleridge connects, by implications, with the Teresa Macri affair."

Writers disagree on the intensity or sincerity of Byron's affection towards Teresa, some thinking that he was really in love, while others maintain that it was only a mild case of romance or merely a pause. If we were to take him literally, we might argue that he was really in love, if only for a very short time. But whatever Byron's real affections may have been at the moment of the dagger episode, or when he wrote his farewell to the Maid of Athens, or even when he penned his letter to Drury, quoted above, they certainly cooled off rather rapidly. On his return from Constantinople he took up his residence at the Capuchin Convent, which had incorporated in its precincts the Monument of Lysicrates and used it as its library. This monument Byron used as his study during his residence there and apparently enjoyed the picturesque view from its windows.

But whether it was owing to this beautiful view or to the change of heart, at any rate, writing to Hobhouse on August 23, 1810, Byron remarks: "Intrigue flourishes: the old woman, Theresa's *(sic!)* mother, was mad enough to imagine I was going to marry the girl: but I have better amusement. Andreas is fooling with Dudu, as usual, and Mariana has made a conquest of Dervice Tahiri. Viscillie, Fletcher and Sullee, my new Tartar, have each a mistress—'Vive l'Amour.'" In another letter to Hobhouse, of January 10, 1811, Byron writes: "Here be many English, and there have been more, with all of whom I have *been* and *am* on dining terms, and we have had balls and a variety of fooleries with the females of Athens."

Perhaps Byron could not be expected to keep an affection for any woman for a very long time, with the possible exception of the Countess Guiccioli. He seems to have been a phenomenal attraction to women, like the mythical Phaon of the ancients, and Rudolph Valentino of the moderns. While at Athens, besides the "variety of fooleries with the females" there, he is said to have become enamored of a Turkish girl; and it is asserted that Byron had fallen in love with another Greek girl while he had been in Constantinople.

Writing to Hobhouse from Malta, May 15, 1811, Byron says: "Tell M[atthews] I have bade *(sic)* adieu to every species of affection, and may say with Horace, 'Me jam nec foemina' etc.; he will finish the lines. In another letter to the same Hobhouse of November 2, 1811, he states: "I must marry; you know I hate women, and for fear I should change that opinion, I shall marry." Again he writes to Douglas Kinnair from Geneva, May 21, 1823, complaining: "There never was a man who gave up so much to women, and all I have gained by it has been the character of treating them harshly." The above quotations no doubt show Byron's inconsistency, and George Thomas Moore relates the following incident. Finley, who knew Byron while in Greece, characterizes him as having a dual personality" the one side masculine and the other feminine. While being at Patras, Byron had a serious illness; on his return to Athens he stood before a mirror and said to Lord Sligo:— "How pale I look!—I should like, I think, to die of a consumption."—"Why of a consumption?" asked his friend. "Because then (he answered) the women would all say, 'See that poor Byron—how interesting he looks in dying!'"

When the Greek Revolution took place and the Turks seized Athens, the Macri family took refuge in a small boat to Corfu, where at first they were refused a landing, but finally they landed at Lazaretto and were helped to keep alive until they were able to return to Athens in safety.

In 1829 Teresa Macri married an Englishman, John Black, who had come to Greece as a phil-Hellene soon after Byron's death. Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who mentions the marriage in the same year, calls Black a "bore"; and Alexander Leighton characterizes Black as "a gentleman only known for his possession of so famous a woman, and a great strength of body." Henry M. Baird states, in 1856, that Mr. Black was "Professor of English in one of the two Athenian Gymnasia" and held "at the same time the post of British Vice-consul." Either at that time or later, Black was British vice-consul at Mesolonghi, where apparently he died in 1868, according to Mrs. Black's letter to R. G. Watson. Before he began to teach, he was prefect of police.

Andre Maurois gives the following anecdote: Byron's poem "had made Teresa Black a celebrity, and no English traveller missed seeing her. She used to talk about Byron with many sighs, and when circumstances obliged her husband to live at Missolonghi, she really suffered; the conversations about Byron, and the endless questions about the way in which she had known him, had produced in the end a genuine grief in her. At night she would see Byron in her dreams, often threatening her angrily. 'What torture!' she said to Mr. Black. 'Why shouldn't you dream about him, since you do nothing but think of him?' he answered peevishly."

For some time the Black family lived in Peireaus, and at another time at Aegina, but for the most part in Athens, presumably in the same Macri house in which Byron beheld Teresa for the first time.

In 1812, Thomas Allason, of London, made a portrait of the Maid of Athens. The copy accessible to me, reproduced here owing to the kindness of Mr. Ralph Munn, Director of the Carnegie Public Library of Pittsburgh, Pa., was drawn from that of Allason by F. Stone, and published in 1832. This portrait has been reprinted by Wm. Anderson and Esther Singleton, and is mentioned by Ellen Bosanquet. Kampouroglos prints a larger size of this portrait, apparently not from the drawing made by Stone. This portrait by Allason, evidently the only portrait of Teresa, shows her to be a good-looking girl of 15, having been born November 4, 1797.

Several eyewitnesses describe Teresa. The ones I was able to glean will be quoted here in chronological order, in so far as I can ascertain the year of each visit. The earliest of these, to my knowledge, is John Galt, who visited Athens at the latest in 1811, though his *Life of Byron* was published in 1830. Galt states that she "was a pale and pensive-looking girl, with regular Grecian features."

The Rev. Thomas Hughes saw Teresa in 1813, when Theodora, her aunt, had already married Dr. Vitali. He writes: "This evening *(sc.* October 29), our hostess Signora Vitali introduced us to our next-door neighbors, her sister and three fair daughters, who were known by the title of Consuline . . ." Of Teresa he states that "her countenance was interesting and her eyes retained much of its wonted brilliance; but the roses had already deserted the cheek, and we observed the remains only of that loveliness which had elicited such impassioned strains from the poet. So fading a flower is beauty in these climates that a few years see it rise to sparkle like a meteor and to vanish."

Charles Robert Cockerell spent in Athens 24 months, at different times from 1810 to 1815. The description of the Macris, however, is not given in Cockerell's own words but in those of his son, the editor of his journal, who states: "The better class of travellers lived in lodgings, the best known of which were those of Madame Makri, a Greek lady, the widow of a Scotchman of the name of Macree . . . She had three pretty daughters known to travellers as 'les Consulines' or 'les trois Graces,' of whom the eldest was immortalised as 'the Maid of Athens' in a much overrated lyric by Lord Byron . . ." When Cockerell left Athens, in 1815, he was accompanied by a Mr. Tupper: "This young gentleman had been lodging at Madame Makri's, and had fallen in love, as it was the indispensable fashion for young Englishmen to do, with one or all of the charming daughters. He left them in tears, vowing to return, but it does not appear that he ever did." Goessler states that it was Cockerell's mistake that misled writers in thinking Teresa was eldest. This seems to me improbable, but I cannot discuss it here.

William Turner came to Athens on May 15, 1814. He writes: "My friend T[upper?] and the consul's father gave me a cordial welcome . . . Lodgings were soon found for me at the house of a Signor Vitali, where I am very comfortable, and from my window have a fine view of the temple of Theseus . . . I went immediately with T. to visit the three Graces of Athens, the Consolinas . . . Mariana, Catharinco *(sic)*, and Theresa. The two eldest are fine girls, but the youngest is very pretty. She is the "Zoe mou sas agapo" of Lord Byron. It is considered a sort of duty for English travellers to fall in love with one of the sisters. The eldest speaks a little Italian, and understands something of English. They are excessively poor and are strong instances of the discordance that is too frequently found between Nature and Fortune. They maintain themselves by working in embroidery . . ." Turner states that he elicited the following information from the British vice-consul on the third of June. Says he: "After dinner I was asking the Consul why such pretty and agreeable girls as the Consolines were not married; when he gave me in answer the following information as to the state of society in Greece. There seems to be no such thing as love among the Greeks. A disinterested love-match is a thing almost unheard of. If Helen were to revisit her country, no one would marry her without a dowry. This must amount to at least 10,000 piasters, part of which must be derived from landed property, or from at least 300 olive trees, which are worth from twenty to fifty piasters each: the whole wealth of the Consolinas consists, he told me, in sixty olive trees. On my reproaching the Greeks for their mercenary spirit, he said, that in this case it was justified by necessity, for that the Greek women (of Athens particularly) of all ranks were very

expensive in dress and excessively quarrelsome for precedence, about which the lower and higher orders would frequently quarrel in the bath till they beat each other very seriously about the head and breasts with tin cups and wooden pattens used in it. That the Athenian women in particular were '*cattivissime*,' being desperately given to gossiping, scandal, idleness, etc., in which they have not at all degenerated from their classical ancestors. The Greeks still seem to preserve some spirit in Athens."

The Reverend H. W. Williams, called " 'the Grecian Williams,' an admirable water-color artist," who visited Athens in 1817, writes as follows: "Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana, are of middle stature. On the crown of the head (of each) is a red Albanian skull-cap with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders—the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. . . The two eldest have black or dark hair and eyes; their visage oval and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of pearly whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded, their noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters,' whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said, to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners pleasing and ladylike, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions it would, indeed, be remarkable if they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who are occasionally resident in Athens. They sit in the eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading."

The Reverend Robert Walsh visited Athens in 1821. "Among the company," he writes, "assembled in the evening," in the vice-consul's house, "was the celebrated 'Maid of Athens,' to whom Lord Byron addressed his poem, which has rendered the poor lady no temporal service, though it has insured her immortality. . . She is one of three sisters, who are very amiable and respectable in their conduct, . . . She was once very lovely, I was informed by those who knew her, and realized all the descriptive part of the poem; but time and, I suppose, disappointed hopes preyed upon her, and though still very elegant in her person, and gentle and lady-like in her manners, she has lost all pretensions to beauty, and has a countenance singularly marked by hopeless sadness."

Dr. Samuel G. Howe writes that in 1829 he and George Finley were visiting the Olympium "and at the temple we were joined by that bore Mr. Black, who has just married the girl celebrated by Byron in his 'Maid of Athens.' However, she must have been a vast deal prettier than she is now, to have drawn such an exclamation from me."

William Brockedon, in his notes to *Finden's Illustrations*, writes as follows in 1833: "Among the English who visited Athens were two travellers, whose names are remarkable as associated with city honours. Messrs. W***** and C***** who, struck with the beauty and manners of these interesting girls, by their attentions and avowal of honorable love, won the affections of the two sisters, Theresa and Catinka, and promised them marriage. Theresa was introduced by Mr. W. to all his friends at Athens as his future bride; and upon his leaving that city, he wished that the family of his intended should gratify his pride by no longer letting a part of their house to strangers. On the return of the lovers to England, abstinence, and the heartlessness of their engagements, had cooled their affections, if their feelings towards their betrothed ever deserved to be characterised by such a term. They wrote that their fathers objected to the marriages. Passionless affectation was the precursor of all correspondence; and the unhappy girls, with hearts withering in the chill of neglect and desertion, shrunk into a long retirement to weep over their deceived and blighted hopes of happiness.

> Man's love is of a man's life a thing apart;
> 'Tis woman's whole existence.
> Alas! the love of woman! it is known
> To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
> For all of theirs upon that die is thrown
> And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
> To them, but mockeries of the past alone.—
>
> Don Juan, Canto ii

"The excellent character of these girls, and their interesting story, excited a great desire on the part of some English visitors to bring the young recluses again into society. This was at last accomplished by the kind and gentle influence of Lady Ruthven, whose amiable and affectionate attentions to them induced them to accept an invitation to a ball given by the English gentlemen of Athens at Vitali's house situated the next to their own. Two of the sisters only could attend; the youngest had been unwell; and every moment that they could withdraw from the dance, it was to make inquiries with affectionate solicitude, from the balcony at Vitali's, of their own domestics in the next garden, after the state of their sister, who could not participate in their festivity. When the Turks took Athens, the Consulina Macri and her daughters fled, in a half-decked boat, and in a state of destitution, to Corfu, where they were at first forbidden to land; for so numerous had been the refugees from Greece, that Sir Thomas Maitland, in dread of a famine, had denied their admission. Fortunately they found a friend, who succeeded in obtaining leave for them to go to Lazaretto. Here they were soon visited by some friends; and upon their domestic situation being made known to Lord Guilford in Rome, he transmitted to them one hundred pounds, which he raised among the English there. They spoke French, Italian, and a little English; and it is said that

at Corfu they edited an edition of Madame de Genlis' 'Manuel de Voyageur,' with the addition of the Romaic or modern Greek dialogue . . .

"The Consulina, after the retirement of the Turks, returned again to Athens. And the latest accounts of Theresa have broken the charm of poetry which surrounded her: she is said to be married and grown fat!" This last statement of Brockedon's is repeated by William Anderson, who wrote soon after the former published his notes; and it may be re-echoed in Georg Brandes. Nathan P. Willis, who saw her in 1833, relates: "We walked up the creaking steps, with a Scotch terrier barking and snapping at our heels, and were met at the door by, really, a very pretty woman. She smiled as I apologized for our intrusion, and a sadder or a sweeter smile I never saw. She said her welcome in a few, simple words of Italian, and I thought there were few sweeter voices in the world. I asked her if she had not learned English yet. She colored, and said, 'No, signore!' and the deep spot in her cheek faded gradually down, in tints a painter would remember. Her husband, she said, had wished to learn her language, and would never let her speak English. I began to feel a prejudice against him. Presently, a boy of perhaps three years came into the room—an ugly, white-headed, Scotch-looking little ruffian, thin-lipped and freckled, and my aversion for Mr. Black became quite decided. 'Did you not regret leaving Athens?' I asked. [She lived at this time in Aegina.] 'Very much, signore,' she answered with a half sigh; 'but my husband dislikes Athens.' . . . I wished to ask her of Lord Byron, and I had heard that the poet's admiration had occasioned the usual scandal attendant on every kind of preeminence, and her modest and timid manners, while they assured me of her purity of heart, made me afraid to venture there where was even a possibility of wounding her. She sat in a drooping attitude on the coursely covered divan, which occupied three sides of the little room, and it was difficult to believe that any eye but her husband's had ever looked upon her, or that the 'wells of her heart' had ever been drawn upon for anything deeper than the simple duties of a wife and mother.

"She offered us some sweetmeats, the usual Greek compliment to visitors *(sic)*, as we rose to go, and laying her hand upon her heart, in the beautiful custom of the country, requested me to express her thanks to the commodore for the honor he had done her in calling, and to wish him and his family every happiness. A servant-girl, very shabbily dressed, stood at the side-door, and we offered her some money, which she might have taken unnoticed. She drew herself up very coldly, and refused it, as if she thought we had quite mistaken her. In a country where gifts of the kind are so universal, it spoke well for the pride of the family, at least.

"I turned after we had taken leave, and made an apology to speak to her again; for in the interest of the general impression she had made upon me, I had forgotten to notice her dress, and I was not sure that I could remember a single feature of her face. We had called unexpectedly of course, and her dress was very plain. A red cloth cap bound about the temples, with a colored shawl, whose folds were mingled with large braids of dark brown hair, and decked with a tassel of blue silk, which fell to her left shoulder, formed her headdress. In other respects she was dressed like a European. She is a little above the middle height, slightly and well-formed, and walks weakly, like most Greek women, as if her feet were too small for her weight. Her skin is dark and clear, and she has a color in her cheek and lips that looks to me consumptive. Her teeth are white and regular, her face oval, and her forehead and nose form the straight line of the Grecian model—one of the few instances I have ever seen of it. Her eyes are large, and of a soft, liquid hazel, and this is her chief beauty. There is that ' looking out of the soul through them,' which Byron always described as constituting the loveliness that most moved him. I made up my mind, as we walked away, that she would be a lovely woman anywhere. . . . and we left her, feeling that the poetry which she had called forth from the heart of Byron, was her due by every law of loveliness."

The following year Teresa was visited by an unnamed traveller referred to by E. C. Brewer, who writes: "Twenty-four years after this song was written, an Englishman sought out 'the Athenian Maid,' and found a beggar without a single vestige of beauty. She was married and had a large family; but the struggle of her life was to find bread to keep herself and family from positive starvation."

Henry M. Baird saw Teresa in 1851 (or '52). Says he: "That she was a fascinating one, no one can doubt that has read the glowing descriptions not only of Byron, but also of other travellers. It may be readily imagined, however, that forty-two years have not passed since the poet saw her without producing considerable changes in her personal appearance. Her children have inherited a large share of her beauty."

Cornelius C. Felton, President of Harvard College, met Mrs. Black in 1854, and gives the following account: "She was one of the three sisters, all of whom were famous beauties in their day. . . . But it was forty-four years ago, so that the language of the noble poet cannot be expected to apply, in all respects, at the present day . . . it was a long time before I had the pleasure of meeting this lady, as she lives in the Peiraeus, and now seldom makes her appearance in Athens. But I was invited one evening to take tea and pass the night at the house of a friend in Peiraeus. I found, on arriving there, that the family of Mr. Black were expected, and no other guests. They soon came in—Mr. and Mrs. Black and their daughter, a young lady of eighteen or twenty; and I had the felicity of sitting the whole evening on a sofa between the old Maid of Athens and the young Maid of Athens—a highly poetical situation, as it seemed to me, with the beauty of the past on one hand, and the beauty of the present on the other. Certainly Mrs. Black shows traces of loveliness which inspired the Muse of Byron; and if she did not,

(Continued on page 46)

THALIA KARAVIA: View of Vouliagmeni

M. ANAGONOSTOPOULOS: Head of Boy

A. VASILIKIOTIS: Half-Nude

Skevos Zervos Brings Hippocrates to America

The name Skevos Zervos is well known in Greece both as a patriot and a scientist. In the latter capacity he is also known in Europe, where he was often decorated by governments and universities and where he won many prizes. His love for science is matched only by his love for his native Dodecanese Islands for the liberation of which he devoted many, many years.

Professor Skevos Zervos, of Athens University, was born on January 19, 1876, in Calymnos, one of the Dodecanese Islands. Following completion of his secondary education in his native island, he pursued higher studies at the Medical School of the University of Athens, and was graduated with high honors. After having served his internship at the "Evanghelismos" Hospital, in 1902, he was appointed instructor in Obstetrics and Gynecology and History of Medicine at Athens University.

In 1903 he wrote an essay on the **Skevos Zervos Diseases,** dealing with diseases peculiar to the sponge divers. Later he edited a series of volumes containing the heretofore unpublished works of such physicians of ancient times as Aetios Amidenos, Paul Nikaios, Marcellos, Cleopatra Metrodora, and published numerous essays which shed light on various obscure periods of the history of medicine.

In 1909, at the International Medical Conference held in Budapest, Professor Zervos made an entirely original scientific communication on **The Grafting of the Organs.** As a captain in the Medical Corps of the Greek Army, during the Balkan War of 1912-13, he was the first to apply his theories on grafting of organs on human beings. In 1914 he wrote his prize-winning volume, **"Obstetrics-Gynecology Throughout the Centuries, Down to the Times of Hippocrates."**

In 1919 he published his book on **"Rhodes, the Capital of the Dodecanese."** In 1926 he wrote a booklet on the **"National Greek Endowments and Bequests."** In 1936, the Annals of the French Academy published his essay on another heretofore unknown disease which afflicted sponges, the **"Disease of the Anemone of the Sea."** In 1937, at his own expense, he erected in Athens a 16-feet high marble statue of Hippocrates. In 1938 he donated a life-size statue of Hippocrates to the Paris Academy of Medicine. In 1939, also at his own expense, he had made a painting of Hippocrates which he donated to the Medical School of Paris. Upon graduating, students of that famous institution take the usual Oath of Hippocrates before this painting.

In 1945 he published a work on **"The Petrified Calymnian of Greece."** In 1947 he made a scientific communication on **"Petrified Mammoths, Mastodons, Dinosaurs, Men, et al."**

In 1949 he brought to the United States three statues of Hippocrates, two of which he has already donated to the universities of Chicago and George Washington University of Washington, D. C. Another statue is soon to be donated to Columbia University. Dr. Zervos will also donate a painting of Hippocrates to Harvard University. In the near future he plans to bring to the United States some 70 busts of Hippocrates which he intends to donate to some of the principal medical schools of the country.

He is the author of many hundreds of scientific essays and thousands of articles concerning the Science of Medicine and the advisability of the liberation of the martyred Dodecanese Islands.

He is the recipient of numerous awards granted by Medical Schools, Universities, and Academies and of decorations awarded by the Greek, French, British and Egyptian Governments.

Recently, Dr. Zervos was elected Honorary Professor of Medicine at the University of Chicago.

The following is an address delivered by Dr. Zervos at the George Washington University, Washington, D. C.

President Marvin,
Dean Bloedorn,
Members of the School of Medicine,
Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is my duty to express my thanks to all of you for the opportunity you have given me today to say a few words in connection with the dedication of the statue of Hippocrates, which I brought over from the Dodecanese Islands, my native country, as a token of our deep gratitude for the great contribution of the American people towards our liberation from foreign rule.

But while I consider it a privilege that you have accepted this gift of a statue of a celebrated son of the Dodecanese Islands, it is also a privilege for all of us to have Hippocrates adorn this great institution of learning, which bears the name of the Father of the American Nation. Hippocrates is not merely the Son of Cos, or of the Dodecanese, or of Greece in particular. He is the great Son and Citizen of All the World, since he is the undisputed "Father of Medicine". As such he really belongs to all mankind.

The honors, however belated, that are being bestowed on Hippocrates today are fully justified. For he is not just another celebrated Physician from the little island of Cos, or a star of great magnitude radiating brightness through the limitless firmament of Medical Art: he is neither a mere priest-magus, nor a glorified hierophant of the healing cult. Hippocrates is indeed the Founder of Medical Science, the man who gave this new and progressive science its most momentous departure from a mere curing to a scientific knowledge of natural processes, and from a mere ethical power to a strict application of scientific observations—the "Father of Medicine" indeed.

Born in the Island of Cos on the 26th of Thargelion (May) in 460 B.C. (a date which should perhaps be set aside as his birthday and be observed as such in medical schools henceforth), Hippocrates studied the Art of Medicine,

as it was then called, with his father and other celebrated physicians at the already famous school of medicine at Cos. Having formed his mind on the Healing Art of the Magi, on the Hieratic Cult of Asklepios, of whom he was the 18th descendant, he made a diligent research into the Medicine of the Athletes, and thence into the Medicine of Practice and Disease, without neglecting the Medicine of the Philosophers.

But he was not content with his achievements as a practitioner and a teacher of medicine in his little island of Cos. Having spent some time in Onidus, and later in Sacred Delos, he traveled much among the cities of the then known world, collecting material, increasing his lore, and thus became the careful observer of all phases

PROF. SKEVOS ZERVOS (R) with his sister and the President of George Washington University inspecting painting of Hippocrates.

of human suffering, advocating as his principle that " it pleases me to direct my thoughts to all of the Art".

A genius of observation, a true giant of medical thought and research, Hippocrates returned to the little island of Cos a sage, a man of the noblest qualities, there to write the profound and truly scientific works that constitute the major part of Hippocratic literature. Famed as a physician, revered as a teacher of medicine, a naturalist armed with true systematic research, and an investigator into yet unexplored fields on the conception of human nature, Hippocrates shines nonetheless as an author, since both the divine Plato and the immortal Aristotle would time and again copy from him and shape their thought after his observations.

Hippocrates was not satisfied with what was then trite and accepted as the basis of all healing. Neither did he restrict himself to a simple, narrow branch of medical practice. His great intellect delves deep into a wider scope. By searching out the causes of illness he opens the route of the then unknown field of investigation into the conception of human nature. He shows new ways of research and novel methods and novel methods and means of living in health and recovering from illness. He is the first to scale the inaccessible heights of Medical Olympus, and there to explore the broad horizon of medical science—thence to remain to our eternal wonder and admiration.

Hippocrates complains that life is short, art is long, experience misleading, and discrimination difficult. But he does not remain a passive observer to the sufferings of ailing man. Full of anxiety, urged by a love of scientific knowledge, he studied the human body, the living organism. He made a comparative study of human nature proper, supplementing his minute observations with diligent experimentation. The comparative study of man in his own nature guided him through the mystery of life and enabled him to proclaim the eternal truth that "Nature is the best of physicians". From his reasoning, from his teachings, stems today what we call a Medical Science—not a mere Art or simple Empiricism, but knowledge gained by correct thinking and verified by keen observation.

The study of the Hippocratic Corpus leaves one stunned with admiration, and even the most modern medical man or otherwise unfettered progressive naturalist cannot ignore the teachings of Hippocrates. Small wonder then that many medical schools of Europe have adopted the dogma "Zuruck nach Hippocrates". For the conception of human nature in the medical works of Hippocrates offers great fields of further study and research. The Hippocratic Corpus not only contains the fundamental laws and principles of medical science but it is also the source—the inexhaustible fountain-head and starting point—for many a study on man's nature, on the human body and its processes, both in old, venerable Europe and in young, vigorous America and indeed throughout the world. We have seen lately a number of Neo-Hippocratic Schools, or Societies, and a number of Neo-Hippocratic Physicians and Groups, proudly bearing the name of our "Father of Medicine". A study of the works of the physicians of antiquity, or a scrutiny of the pages of history and of the works of poets and philosophers of the past 25 centuries reveals that invariably each and every one of them, justly and properly refer to Hippocrates as "The Wonderful One", "The Star and Light of Medicine", "The Immortal Father of Medicine" and "The Discoverer of all Good Things". For he is the first to concern himself with man and mankind. He is the first to examine man's "physis", to study the laws that govern it, to describe the rules that must be applied if he is to be saved from disease. He is the first to teach us that at the bedside of an ailing person three are the Guides of the wise physician: Observation, Experience and Experiment. His great precept is this: "Everything of medicine has long been established both in regard to principle and the route to be followed; along this route many things have been found;

what has already been found is good and proper; the rest will follow; and if one is able to proceed with full knowledge of what has so far been found, let him seek further. Now, if any one rejoices that there is another route and another method he is fooling himself and makes dupes of others; for such a thing is impossible". However, by way of striking a happy balance he advances the precept that "extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases."

This is not an opportune time for an analysis of the works of Hippocrates, however pressing the need for a study. A complete study of the Corpus would take a long time and many volumes. My own work on an infinitesimal part of his works amounts to more than a thousand printed pages. Thus I will confine myself to saying that I am deeply grateful that George Washington University has agreed to receive and place the statue of Hippocrates in front of this Institution—as a symbol of things to come. In the course of the next few days another statue of Hippocrates will be dedicated at Columbia University and a painting (now hanging at the Medical Hall of this University) will be presented to Harvard University. Furthermore a bust of Hippocrates will be brought over from my native country for each and all the medical schools in this great Country of Learning and Progress. It is also my earnest desire that a shoot of the Platanus, the Hippocratic Plane-Tree under whose shadow he is reputed to have conducted his experiments, be transplanted on the campus of each of these Universities, as a source of inspiration for all young students and as a reminder that a medical student must ever search and seek means and ways which will make life livable and will alleviate the sufferings of all mankind.

As a further contribution toward this end, I will make it my duty upon my return to Greece, to see that Hippocrates' works are fully and competently translated into English and published in a profusely illustrated yet popular edition to be made available for the benefit of medical men in the English-speaking world. I firmly believe that to any physician worthy of his name Hippocrates should be the Supreme Physician, the Supreme Teacher, and the Supreme Counselor.

To complete my life's dream and ambition I have one final object in view. That is to reestablish the Medical School of Hippocrates in my native island of Cos. I dream that such an Academy in the Island of Cos, where first flourished the science of medicine as we know it today, can become a great Center of Knowledge. Under the distinguished leadership of the great medical schools of America the Torch of Progress can be lit today to guide that part of the Ancient World toward the realization of its age-long destiny. I visualize a great Academy of Medicine in Cos which may become a Beacon of Enlightenment and a Bearer of Freedom from man's greatest ills, misery and suffering. At the entrance to the Academy I visualize a colossal statue of Columbia, symbolic of the ever-vigilant spirit of the Free and Brave People of America, defenders of the down-trodden and protectors of all men, robust in thought and action, calm, mighty protectors of international justice and true civilization. The statue shall depict America as she really is—endowed with exceptional physical and spiritual strength, vigor and prowess, with a mighty arm and steady hand—guiding as it were the peoples of the world on the road to peace, freedom, justice and refined civilization.

★

NEW PUBLICATIONS

HELLENIDA — a monthly magazine for the Greek-American woman is being edited for a number of months now by the well known Greek author and woman leader Iphigeneia G. Copadis. In a recent issue we notice interesting folk songs; an appreciation by the Greek Ambassador in Washington, D. C.; poetry by well known Greek poets; a monthly department with the well known Greek writer Madame SiByIla in charge; historic women's modes as well as notes on contemporary styles; interesting travel impressions by Mrs. Irene Caraphil; notes on the works of the Greco-French poetess Countesse De Noailles with appropriate translations by Mrs. Copadis rerself. And much other information of interest to women. Publication office is at 451 Milton St., Manchester, N. Y.

★

FOG

Fog is like the human Worry;
The animate of depression,
Creeping with furtive crawl in silent obscurity
Indistinct to all eves and minds,
Looming from heights to fathomy depths
Over cities and oceans and countries.

A prelude to storm and to tempest;
A prophet of destruction or gentle rain:
Yet an epilogue to night
Before the effulgence of Dawn.
Like an aged Druid, quiet,
Saying nothing in its quiet observance.

—ALICE M. MICHALAROS

MISS FAY LIMBOU BY THE GREEK AMERICAN ARTIST ALEXANDER SIDERIS, INCLUDED IN HIS RECENT EXHIBITION AT ARTHUR U. NEWTON'S GALLERIES, NEW YORK.

The Liberated

By JANE LIANOS

Everyone who could afford it visited the Crystal Bowl. It was a small inconspicuous eating rendezvous located in a side street in Athens. To the many homesick Americans the Bowl was a touch of home, a refuge from the starving bitter country that was Greece.

My friends and I could be found there at all hours of the day and night. American's, as it was commonly known, was the only spot in Athens where free speech and opiniated talks were allowed. Though God knows we had our little groups of informers too.

One day during an uncommonly cold spell shortly after the Bloody Purge of December, I walked over to the Bowl for some doughnuts and coffee. I was sick at heart and I longed desperately for a contact with something American. I wanted very much to escape from this country, to get away from the blank stares of the starving, the bewildered students fighting for a confused conception of freedom, merciless politicians that reminded you of medieval feudal lords—I wanted to get away from all of it. I tried to recall the orderly clean-swept streets of Burbank, the quaint houses, the children playing happily in the streets, but somehow even in the New World atmosphere of the Bowl I couldn't get away from the nightmarish events that prevailed throughout Athens.

I was thus deep in thought when suddenly someone touched my arm.

"John . . . . . John Avery?" I heard my name and turned. There before me was one of the tallest men I'd ever seen. He wore old army trousers that were torn at both knees and an Anzac tunic that was too tight and too short.

"Don't you remember me? Christo Marinis, Stanford, class of '38?"

I stared at the deeply lined face of the man before me. This couldn't be . . . . . ! "Good God, Christo, I would never have recognized you, man!"

He smiled at me, but his eyes held mine in a sad, penetrating look. "What happens to me, John, happens to all Greece today. But tell me of yourself. What have you been doing?"

I looked at him in amazement. This was a strange new Christo talking. Someone I didn't know. Gone was the old animation—the huge grin of the Christo of Stanford. I remembered how he had come to America to study and also, according to Christo, "to improve the state of his mind, his belly and his country."

"Here sit down, Chris, and have a cup of coffee, and then, I'll tell you all about myself." I grinned.

After the soothing, intoxicant influence of the second cup of hot coffee, Christo finally leaned back and smiled contently. "Ah . . . . that was good! You know there is nothing quite like coffee to perk you up, that is, outside of good wine and a good woman."

"That, my dear Christo, is a fine philosophical thought, and one in which I heartily agree with you."

"Seriously, John. It's wonderful sitting here, talking to you and drinking coffee. It's a bit of American in the midst of my terrorized country."

"What about this Civil War business, Christo? Do you think it'll straighten out?" I asked him.

"Ah, but of course. This is just the transient period. Everyone is confused now, but with American and British help things will right themselves. In the meantime, we must be patient!"

"Patient! I asked querulously. "Patient, after these last bloody months? Patient . . . . . when children are dying daily of starvation and disease ? How can you sit there and say that!"

"You do not understand John," He shook his head sadly. "It'll take months maybe years to right the wrongs of the Occupation, but in the meantime, we must bear all cheerfully. You see, Greece is different. It is not like other countries. Look over there John," he pointed through the window, "look at that sky, have you ever seen such color? And have you seen the waters of Pireaus and the Coast? Did you ever notice how the sky and the waters seem to blend into each other? Where would you see such color, such beauty? And the earth, have you seen the earth our peasants till? It is not harsh or dark but of a lighter hue. My country, John, is a study in pastels—it is dominated by its land and by the blue of its sky and the blue of the Ocean surrounding it."

I gave up exasperated. This man I concluded was crazy. The country was in the throes of a political conflict; people were jailed without reason everyday; inflation controlled the markets; only the black market food was available, and the man talked of patience and pastel coloring!

* * * *

It was several months before I saw Christo again, and during that time I often wondered what had become of him and why he hadn't come to see me as he had promised. I was beginning to think that he was angry with me (you must admit I was rather rude to him) when one night in March I was awakened by short quick taps on my door.

* * * *

I was frightened and for the moment, speechless. I'm just an ordinary guy—a relief worker stuck in this country because of some preconceived notion of helping humanity. So you may well imagine my fear at being awakened in

the middle of the night in a country where law and freedom are myths of by-gone years.

"Who is it?" I choked out.

"It's me, Christo. Open up!"

I let out a deep breath of relief and quickly got up and opened the door.

"Is anyone here with you?" he asked hurriedly as he came in, looking around all the while.

"No, just me, why? What are you up to, Christo, coming at this time of the night?"

"I need your help John. My little Sophie, she is very sick and must have penicillin and medical care immediately. You can get some?"

"Medicine . . . . . medical care . . . . . ! " He had asked for the impossible. "God, Christo, I don't know." I toyed nervously with my cigarettes. "How long has she been sick?"

"Since yesterday. She was well . . . . . then of a sudden, whosh! She fell sick and delirius. Can you get me the medicine, John?' '

"I don't know Christo. It is very scarce."

Christo paced over to the window and then back to where I was standing. His brown eyes looked black and glistened with unshed tears. "I understand Johnnie," he said after a pause that seemed like an eternity. "It is hard to find any medicine these days. I know, I've tried it." He sighed deeply. "I can't understand it. What is happening to us, John?" Shaking his head he slowly made his way across the room. At the door he paused and turned again towards me. "My wife . . . . she was shot today."

"She . . . . what!"

"As she was buying potatoes. Caught in cross fire." And with that he slipped out into the Hall.

I stood by my bed stunned, unable to speak. My mind couldn't seem to grasp the impact of Christo's great calamity. Then quite suddenly it flashed on me and I jumped to the door. "Christo," I shouted, not caring whether anyone heard me or not. "Christo come back." But the halls were empty. I ran to the window and looked out. The streets were quiet and darkened with night. No one was in sight not even the usual gendarme who guarded the Hotel.

Hurriedly I dressed and went downstairs. I slipped by the dozing desk clerk and out into the street. I had no idea where I was going or what I was to do, but of one thing I was certain—I had to help that child.

It was after twelve and the trams had stopped running. I raised the collar of my coat and hurried down the street towards the temporary Relief Quarters. A lone light was shinging on the second floor o fthe main building.

At the door I was stopped by the Guard but after showing my credentials I was allowed to enter with a warning that I was to be out in a half hour. I found myself very close to prayer as I passed through the dimly lighted hall then to the stairway. God, I hope its Mike working up there. He knows everyone in town. He can get the stuff if anyone can.

"Hiya Mike!" I shouted with unaccustomed exuberance, as I saw the familiar figure bending over a desk. Mike was a short ruddy fellow with a huge red beard that he had grown while in Burma and to which he had become so attached he couldn't shave it off even after his discharge from the Corps.

"Say, what brings you here at this hour, John. In trouble with the Government?" He looked at me slyly.

"No, nothing like that. Listen Mike, I want you to help me. A friend of mine is very sick and needs care immediately."

"Your friend American?"

"No. He's Greek, but a swell guy Mike." I pleaded.

"Sorry John, would like to do it. But that's out. If he's Greek he'll have to go to the Dispensary—they'll take care of him."

"But he has already done that. They are overcrowded and can't help him."

"They'll get around to it sometime this week. Don't worry John."

"But Good God, Mike, his little girl is dying. Its pneumonia and the kid's lungs are drowning her. She needs help now!"

"Can't help it. That's orders. You know yourself how hot that stuff is around here. Besides if I were you I wouldn't get mixed up with any Greek, what with this Cowboy and Indian show in the streets everyday." He began sorting the papers on his desk again.

"God damn it man. What are orders when a girl's life is in danger."

"Its not only her life, John, but a million others too. We can't play favorites. Use your sense man. Get a grip on yourself."

"Oh shut up! I'll get that stuff somewhere," and with that I got up and left.

I was dimly aware that I was going against orders, but somehow it didn't matter anymore. Whatever I did, wherever I went that night I seemed to find Christo's face staring back at me. Finally discouraged and rejected by everyone, I headed for Christo's home on the south side of Athens. It was nearing noon and the few stores that had opened for business were closing for the noon day respite. Overhead the sun beat hot on the tiled roofs of the houses, and the hot bricks of the streets burned the feet of the little ones as they played barefoot causing them to hop on one leg and then on the other. There was no relief even in the shade, and as I walked up the stairs to the bombed out house that sheltered Christo and his daughter, I thought of the little one, hot with fever and with no relief coming. My ears buzzed, my eyes dimmed. "Hell" I thought and wiped the perspiration running down my face.

A young woman dressed in black opened the door, and when I asked for Christo, she silently led me to a back room. The room we entered was dark, and it was a few minutes before my eyes could get accustomed to the blackness surrounding us. All around me were women and men shabbily dressed. The women with the long black kerchief's on their heads and their long black dresses looked like phantoms from

(Continued on page 41)

Modern Greek Art

IOANNIS TSAROUHIS — Greek Costumes

TSAROUHIS — Figure

C. KAPRALOS: Terracottas

Hippocrates as a Naturalist

By Professor SKEVOS ZERVOS, M. D.

MEDICINE DURING THE PALEOLITHIC AND NEOLITHIC PERIODS

If one studies carefully the story of medicine from the very beginning of the appearance of man on earth and follows his study diligently during the palaeolithic period, the time of the Peking man, and later on of the Neanderthal man, of the Chellean period, the discovery of fire, during the Acheulean and the Meusterian periods, during the Aurignacian and Salutrean periods of time, the Magdalenian as well as during the entire Neolithic period, he will come to the following indisputable conclusion: That no man, during these long periods of time or afterwards, when the use of metals was discovered, during the entire Minoan period and that of Mycenae, or during the Geometric and Archaic periods, was found to have searched diligently and to want to examine Nature under the medical view point. To try carefully to learn the eternal physical laws, to endeavor to rent the veil of their mystery and bring to light the Truth through experimentation.

If we study Homer and Hesiod, if we read Herodotus and Thucidides, if we follow the dialogues of Plato and the Memorabilia of Xenophon, if we search the tragedies of Aeschylus, Euripides and Sophocles and the comedies of Aristophanes, we will be fully convinced that Medicine as an Art and Science, the realization of this Truth by man, first sprang up from the head of Hippocrates as another goddess Athena had sprung before from the head of Zeus.

Hippocrates having found the old medicine of magic, which was in use up to his time, he did not stop at that as all others had done before him. He was neither satisfied with the religious-medicine of the Asklepieia, nor of the medical art of the athletes, of the empirical healers and of all other classes of healers, private and public, of his day. Hippocrates, this great genius and real titan of the Spirit of man and a giant as an observer and researcher, gathered together all available knowledge extant to his day, and using this knowledge as a foundation, he opened new paths of research, observation and study of Nature. He used Nature as an unsurpassed teacher and as an all wise guide.

Hippocrates as a Student of Nature.

It is a remarkable fact that while Thebes, the native city of Pindar, was worshiping the Muses, while wealthy Corinth served with fanaticism Hermes, the god of commerce, and Athens with its culture and progress in the fields of dialectics and philosophy, had reached the highest state of the human intellect, the small island of Cos, one of the Dodecanese, followed an entirely new and unknown heretofore path of progress. Here Hippocrates having lit his philosophical lamp and holding in his right hand the anatomical knife of Spirit started to examine Nature with a marvelous and methodical way.

Hippocrates had not dissected the human body, because this was strictly forbidden by the laws of the State. However, he remained in cemeteries for a long time. He got in his possession a human skeleton. Although he was a poor man, he succeeded in making a small replica in gold of this skeleton and he went to the temple in Delphi and offered this golden human skeleton as a votive to the first god of Medicine, Apollo.

Hippocrates although handicapped by the lack of the anatomical knowledge of the human body, he had, however, a full knowledge of the anatomy of animals. This great medical genius by a comparison from the known with the unknown, reached to wise and really remarkable conclusions. In the examination of the sick, Hippocrates did not stop at the general routine of observing only the outside symptoms. He went further, making other researches and careful examinations and conducting such experiments, which even today arouse the admiration and the respect of our modern scientists.

In visiting a patient, Hippocrates was not tense nor did he display a serious expression, neither was he joking or laughing. He called to the sick bed of the patient as a spiritual and loving father, who was thinking of his sick child for whose health and life he was profoundly interested. For this reason a general examination of the patient was not enough. He did not only listen to the lungs' function, nor did he shake violently the patient in search to hear if any free liquid was deposited inside or if pus had developed, but in the examination of his patient he investigated also the nature of the sputum of the patient. He tried to find its form and color. If it were accompanied by blood; if by being thrown in sea water it floated by being lighter, or if it remained where he had placed it by being of the same specific weight with the water of the sea. When the sputum went to the bottom of the vessel with sea water, he concluded that it contained organic substances from the lungs which was a sign that the lungs of the patient were affected.

Continuing his experiments on the sputums of his patients, he placed them on red hot charcoals and examined the smell produced by them after their burning. He consequently judged of the severity of the lungs' affection and the course of treatment to be followed.

Hipprocrates was curious to find out why Nature had given man the most important organs of his senses in doubles, i. g., two eyes, two ears, two nostrils and what was the relationship of the

(Continued on page 39)

Demetra Vaka's Autobiography

(Continuing the Fascinating Story of the late Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown) America's exotic writer of Greek descent).

CHAPTER XI.

THE YOUNG TURKS IN PARIS

How nice it was to return to the warmer climate of Sebastopol, and to my aunt's comfortable home, where she greeted her children as if she had been separated from them for years, instead of only a few weeks.

"If you miss us during such a short absence, why do you send us away to England?" Erato asked reproachfully.

"For your own good, my darling, to receive the English discipline and education."

"I do not see that the English boys and girls we know are any better disciplined or educated than we are," Demosthenes argued, backing up his twin.

"You are not questioning your father's wisdom, are you?" Aunt Eulalie cried, horrified.

Achilles waylaid me at the first opportunity to tell me that he was not going to travel with the twins, but by the shorter, direct route; and on the way he was to see Plekhanov: "He is to entrust me with organizing his fellowers in England. Father is sending me for only a short time, but I shall manage somehow to stay longer."

I was amused that both he and his father were scheming to have him stay longer in England, though with unusual reticence, I did not blurt this out to him.

Shortly after Achilles left, Miss Helen, with the twins, embarked on the French liner for Marseilles. It was a much slower way of going to England, but more comfortable. At dinner, on the evening of their departure, Uncle Theodore remarked to his wife: "The trouble with us, my dear, is we haven't enough children. Here we are left with only two little boys." Turning to me, he added: "You must make it up to us."

He was also going away on a business trip, and that evening when Aunt Eulalie came to hear my prayers, she said: "Uncle Theodore wants me to find you a teacher to start you on Russian."

The time had come when I must tell her of my decision. Lamely, yet resolutely I said that I was going back to Constantinople.

"But I thought it was all settled. Your uncle has taken you to his heart; and your mother has agreed."

For the next few days we travelled over the same road, with constantly new arguments on her part: the same obstinacy on mine. At length she cried: "You don't understand. Your uncle wants to give you wings—for money **is** wings. Without it you can never soar—you can only crawl. For you are poor, little one, and without money you will be lost among the insignificant crowd. Don't answer me now. Sleep over it."

Sleep did not help, and tearfully I told her I could not stay in Sebastopol.

Without a word she left me, and not long afterwards she told me that Uncle Theodore was so hurt he did not wish to see me again, and she had engaged my return passage.

As she was kissing me goodbye on the steamer, she looked deep into my eyes and urged: "Come back with me, and all will be forgotten."

Miserably I shook my head, and we parted sadly.

My mother asked for no explanations, on my arrival. She was cold and aloof. By the first of September I was at school again, and went at my

DEMETRA VAKA in New York, writing.

work with avidity. The long rest and the care given me had restored my health. The trip through the Balkans had enlarged my horizon, and the people I had met in my aunt's house had spurred me on to the desire for greater knowledge and culture.

The principal of the school showed great interest in my work, and said that I could enter college next year, if I applied myself.

There is no use pretending that I did not miss the well-appointed house of my aunt: the luxury, the trained servants, the good food, and the absence of money worries. A part of me is a sybarite—a sybarite I have never been able to subdue, and which often spoils my satisfaction in what I have. Moreover the lack of sympathy between my mother and myself dimmed my enjoyment in the freedom of action I had in my home. In my desire to acquire knowledge, I neglected what my mother considered the graces of youth, and this created a chasm between us. Years later I was able to appreciate her point of view, and to wish I had been able to feel it then.

In the fall, with the greatest anticipation, I entered Zappeion, the only woman's college then

in Constantinople. The Zappa brothers, having made a fortune in Rumania, had built, equipped, and endowed the college. The fees were low, and there were scholarships, one of which was given to me. The personnel was good, and so was the curriculum. But I was thirsty for big draughts of knowledge, and thought I was only receiving drops. My greedy undisciplined mind caused me to fret, and we had not the salutory influence of games. The only exercise I had was the long mile from the friend's house with whom I was staying. And the crowded streets forced us to walk along the rough pavements at a funeral pace, dodging the clattering carriages, who looked on pedestrians as persons without rights.

There was one great pleasure afforded me by "The Great School of the Race," as the men's college is called. It is across the Golden Horn, in Phanar, where also is the Greek Patriarchate. And the professors of that college, for the sheer joy of writing, since there was no monetary compensation, wrote monographs on the various aspects of the Byzantine Empire. The college published them very cheaply, to enable their students to study the history of the one thousand years, during which the Byzantine Greeks preserved civilization for Europe, after the fall of the Roman Empire.

These monographs I read carefully, and on Saturday afternoons would go over to Stamboul and seek out the places described in them. And it was a delight to find the crumbling walls of the palaces that once had housed the men of my race when they were the greatest power in Europe. It brought history so close.

We also had a literary club which met on Sundays in a beautiful building, donated and maintained by certain patriotic countrymen of mine. There, men of letters and of science delivered talks to the members. We listened and dispersed, without a word of discussion. The Turkish government frowned on discussion of public matters. We were fortunate in being allowed to have the talks at all.

Such were the small cases in our intellectual desert.

Toward the close of my second year in college, a graduate of the Sorbonne gave us a talk on France, and spoke of Paris as the source of modern thought. "The very air one breathes is pregnant with knowledge," he said.

The thirsty little me, sitting up straight with attention, was intoxicated by the picture he painted, and resolved to go to Paris even before graduating from Zappeion. To be sure, the money for my French studies was only to be used after I had finished the Greek college, but by pleading and coaxing those who had the decision, the following fall found me in Paris, where for the first time I ate and drank of knowledge to my full satisfaction.

The Greek who had inflamed my imagination had not exaggerated. Not only the courses we followed, but the city itself, the monuments, the theatres, the museums, the libraries were an education. And the people who congregated here from all over the world, shared with each other their dreams and aspirations. And there were those delightful little open-air book-shops on the **quais**, where for a few cents one could purchase priceless thoughts.

In November of that year of 1892 I became acquainted with the unsavory side of French politics. Paris was convulsed by the trial of Ferdinand de Lesseps and his associates. His company to build the Panama Canal, through corruption and mismanagement, had collapsed in 1889. One billion and a half francs—the savings of the poor, the surplus of the rich—had gone, with nothing to show for it.

The government had delayed the trial for three years, to allow time for the indignation of the people to cool. From the beginning of the trial we lived in the malodorous atmosphere of scandal. Senators and deputies had been bribed; and the day after Baron Jacques Reinath, the Jewish-German banker who was the company's intermediary, was summoned to trial, he was found dead.

The trial dragged on, and only by February did the Court of Appeals find de Lesseps and some of his associates guilty. They were condemned to pay large fines and to serve prison terms. We students followed the proceedings with avidity, and discussed them heatedly. The decision of the court filled us with joy. Justice was triumphing.

Unfortunately, a little later, the **Cour de Cassation** set aside the decree on the ground that, three years having passed, the statute of limitations protected the guilty. Only a few senators and deputies were punished for accepting bribes.

Cries of disgust filled France, and it looked as if there might be a revolution. Driving home that evening, my coachman stopped the carriage and got down from his box to talk the matter over with me. "Why did they wait those three years?" he demanded. "Did they not know of the statute of limitations?"

The cabby and I discussed the big Why, while his horse impatiently stamped his feet on the pavement, more interested in getting to his supper than in international scandals.

August Valliant, some weeks later, exploded a bomb in the Chamber of Deputies, and everybody outside it regretted that he had not blown them all up.

A number of students, of various nationalities, kept on meeting and discussing international affairs, and the knowledge I had acquired in the early years of my life was of considerable value. The viewpoint here was different from that in Turkey. There the intrigues of the Great Powers were regarded solely as they affected our part of the world. In the Paris of my student days, it was the German shadow which loomed up threateningly. And when Germany decided to increase her standing army, France and Russia began to consider an alliance against Germany's growing menace.

The debates of our society sometimes reminded me of when Djimlah and I had wept because we were so little, and so impotent to heal the differences between the Greeks and the Turks.

On returning home in the summer, my mother wanted me to show her the new frocks I had bought in Paris.

"I haven't bought any new frocks."

"But don't you realize my daughter that you are a young lady now, and that you need nice clothes."

Had I harkened to my mother, I might have acquired the art of dressing well; for it is an art, and an important one. Lacking sense, I only remarked: "I am neither taller nor stouter than I was. My last year's clothes will do perfectly—and I need the money for books."

What a thorn in her flesh I must have been. Still she persisted:

"God meant women to be attractive: to be married, and to create a family. It is essential, therefore, that they should cultivate their appearance."

"Considering that we have never seen God, how do we know what He meant women to be?" I replied flippantly. I was goose enough to believe that such sentiments proved me an advanced thinker.

Soon after my return to Paris that fall, the Russian fleet visited Toulon, and the streets were adorned with Russian flags entwined with the Tricolor, to celebrate the birth of the Entente Cordiale.

We debating students were warmed by the friendship Alexander III showed for our mother France. No matter what our nationality, the love we bore to the French institutions which fed our brains made us children of France and we rejoiced in an alliance that brought peace to her troubled heart.

As our international group enlarged, other Greeks came into it. Two of these were adherents of the Young Turks movement, which plotted to dethrone Sultan Abdul Hamid. These Greeks took me to other meetings where the principal speakers were Turks whose slogan was that in their country there should be no Christians or Mussulmen, no Greeks, Armenians, Kurds, or Arabs. All should be citizens of Turkey, working for the good of Turkey.

It sounded very fine, and I became an adherent of the movement. It even published a small newspaper, to which I subscribed and read carefully. It was more inflammatory than constructive. but when I stood up at one of the meetings and said so, I was told that nothing could be accomplished without first inflaming the people.

"But some of these things you write are not true."

"What does that matter? The object of the paper is to make people hate the sultan."

On closer acquaintance with the leaders, an instinctive mistrust was born in me. They talked glibly enough about improving conditions in Turkey, yet the light that burned in the eyes of my cousin Achilles, when he talked of helping Russia, was absent from theirs.

One of those leaders discovering that I really loved the Turks, became attached to me, and one day when we were walking in the Luxembourg Gardens, revealed more than he probably intended to. What they meant by saying that all the citizens of Turkey should be equal, was that Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, Kurds—Christians and Mohammedans—were all to become Turks. "We are the people to whom Turkey belongs. The others should become like us. Only when they all become Turks can the country progress."

It would have been useless to point out to him that other races—the Greeks, for example, with an intellectual heritage of thousands of years—could not become backward Asiatics, like the Turks.

Some of those Young Turks leaders, too, were despicable, living off women, and bragging about it. There were fine men among them, of course, but even they served one purpose with their lips, and another with their minds.

These side issues did not interfere with my progress in my studies. On the contrary they rather helped, and I really felt that I was getting an education. Before the last term ended, a girl student told me about how wonderful her professor was, and invited me to hear one of his lectures.

I went—and from the height of my satisfaction was catapulted to a bewildered bottom. His subject was biology, of which I knew absolutely nothing. In the course of his lecture he said that education must be founded on science: therefore I had no education at all.

I wrote him a note, and asked if he could spare me a few minutes of time, after his class.

He invited me to go to his house. He was a middle-aged Frenchman with sympathetic eyes. He listened attentively to my plight, then remarked: "I can't quite make out what part of France you come from."

I explained that I was a Byzantine Greek, born and brought up in Turkey.

"Really!" he exclaimed, and began asking questions about Turkey, Greece, and the Balkans. His interest warmed me, and I talked on, while the hours passed.

Presently he scribbled a few words on a piece of paper, pulled the velvet rope by the door of his study, and handed the paper to the maid.

I suggested that I had taken too much of his time. "Oh, no, no," he replied. "You are not taking my time. I am taking yours."

The maid returned with a tray on which were cafe au lait, and brioches. "You can pour it out, and we can go on with our talk."

At length it began to grow dark, and I said I must go. He took my proferred hand and patted it kindly:

"You mustn't feel depressed because you are deficient in my subject."

"But you said education should be based on science."

"That is correct."

"Then I have no education."

"On the contrary you have a very good education, based on the science of history. Like you, my education is deficient. I know nothing about your part of the world, which is of such absorbing

interest. You have made it intelligible to me. At your age, to understand and classify the Near East, as you have done, is an achievement. You have accomplished this by neglecting **my** subject. No one, my child, has a rounded education, except mediocre dilletantes—and geniuses. Of the latter I have never met one, and probably never shall. So don't worry. Go ahead with history, politics, and literature. To those subjects your mind is attuned."

"But my ultimate object is to become a doctor."

"And why, please?"

When he learned of my desire to serve humanity, he laughed.

"You are a delightful young lady. When you return next fall, come to see me again. Perhaps I can arrange to have you come to my laboratory, now and then, to see some experiments. And in turn, you can tell me more about the things you know."

"Thank you very much."

"Oh, no, I thank you. It has been a most instructive afternoon. Thanks to you those countries have assumed a personality for me. I shall be looking forward to next year."

But there was to be no next year in Paris for me.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN THE DOGS HOWLED

Since there was to be no next year for me, in the world's greatest intellectual capital, I lingered a few weeks to revisit some favorite museums, and to bid good-bye to all the things worth living for. The day before leaving Paris I bade farewell to any compatriot, the Venus of Milo, in the Louvre. Speaking to her in our language I told her of my sorrow that I might never see her again. Was she never homesick for her own Attic skies? Long I gazed at her until the marble seemed to come to life, and I thought I heard her reply: "Do not despair. In life the unpredictable happens."

Vaguely comforted I went from her to the Oriental Express, and out of civilization. A few days later, at sun-rise, the train deposited me in Constantinople. From a near-by mosque a young *muezzin* was calling the faithful to prayer:

"Ashadnan na Mahomet rasoul Allah.

"Bismallah!

"Allah-hu-akbar!"

The East was greeting me, and in spite of the western thought that had molded me these many months, I listened with pleasure to the plaintive call. With the final words, the poetic East faded into oriental haggling, as several coachmen scrambled for my belongings. Striking a bargain with one, I was soon rattling through the narrow, ill-paved streets of Stamboul, and then over the Bridge of Galata spanning the Golden Horn where it mingled its waters with those of the Sea of Marmora and of the Bosphorus.

There was an unusual stuffiness in the air, even at this early hour, which caused my head to ache and my eyes to smart. The Empress City was receiving me in a bad temper. On reaching my friend's house, I found a letter from my mother telling me not to come to the island but to stay over night in the city, since Friday was an inauspicious day for travelling. My mother was full of superstitions, and they were as real to her as her religion; yet I was unwilling to punish myself by remaining over night in the stifling city for what I considered a senseless reason. Therefore I took the morning boat for the island, hoping to find coolness on the water. The Sea of Marmora, however, usually so refreshing, was like a steel-grey mirror, a haze hiding both the Asiatic and the European shores. Everyone on board was gasping and complaining.

My cousins, to whose house I went on the island, promised not to tell my mother of my coming. I intended to go home the next day, as if I had just arrived on the boat. The house felt as suffocating as the city had been, though it was built of stone with thick walls. "There is something ominous about the weather," said my cousin. "Listen to the dogs! They have been howling like that for hours."

We had luncheon, and then I went up to the children's nursery, took off my dress, and lay down on a sofa. I dozed off, and was awakened by the sofa swaying as if it were a hammock.

"Please, children, don't shake the sofa," I cried.

"We're not," one child answered. "We thought you were doing it."

There came the sound as if barrels of walnuts were rattling down the stairs. The heavy stone house shook violently. One corner of our room split open, and then crashed together again.

My little cousins were thrown from their beds and sat on the floor, dazed. Suddenly the word *seismos*, earthquake, flashed into my mind; and from my subconsciousness came the warning that we must crawl, not walk. Automatically I picked up the baby, and told the other two to crawl along the floor with me.

In addition to the noises and the wild howling of the dogs, the daylight was replaced by darkness. The floor was waving up and down, but we managed to descend the one short flight of stairs to the tiled hall, and kept on crawling toward the doorway.

The front door had flown open, and we were about to crawl through it when a terrified maid came screaming up, pushed us aside, and ran out of the house. At that instant the chimney fell and killed her. We scrambled over her body, covering ourselves with her blood ,and crawled toward the middle of the lawn, which my subconscious self told me was the safest place, away from the house and the trees.

"One of the children cried: "Cousin, it's got my foot!"

I looked back and saw that the child's foot was caught in one of the cracks which were continually opening and shutting in the surface of the earth. An instant later the crack opened again and the little girl pulled her foot out. I cautioned her not to let it slip into a crack again.

We reached an open space in the lawn which appeared to be safe, and only then did I

give myself up to the fascination of the devastating spectacle. The darkness was not so intense here, and we could make out what was taking place. The unbearable heat had changed to cold, and the four of us were shivering from more than fear. Yet we hardly noticed this, so absorbed were we in the catastrophic spectacle of nature's upheaval.

Ignorant people related afterwards that they had seen fiery devils flying through the sky and grinning at the misfortunes of mankind. What they really saw were the huge stones hurled through the air and striking together with fiery sparks. One of these fell on the roof of my cousin's stable and set it on fire. The blaze illumined the lawn. Fortunately it stood at some distance from us, and to one side, so that the heat and the flames did not reach us. Our danger came from the horse, who broke loose and rushed frantically toward us. Before reaching us he stepped into a crack in the earth and fell to the ground with a broken leg.

From where the children and I sat huddled we could see the neighbors running out of the houses they had built to shelter them, and which for some became their graves. Many of the women were screaming hysterically.

I had experienced minor earthquakes before, but all they had done was to swing mirrors and pictures from the walls, and throw small ornaments to the floor. They had no relation to the present devastation, which was greater than any living man remembered.

My cousin came out of her home, her head bandaged in a bloody towel. She stared at her children in a dazed manner. "I had forgotten them," she said, and wept wildly.

The two older children, who had not cried at all, now began to whimper. I put the baby I was holding into my cousin's arms, and this quieted her. "He is sound asleep!" she exclaimed, marvelling. And indeed this baby, when he grew up, could boast that he had slept through the Great Earthquake.

There were clouds of dust, which got into our nostrils, our eyes, and our mouths, but it was not so thick as when we first came out. As far as we could see there were occasional houses burning. Fortunately they were surrounded by gardens, and there was no wind. Though it was the middle of the afternoon, the scene was wierd and ghostly, accentuated by the hysterical shouting, the moaning of the hurt, and the glow from the dying fire of my cousin's stable.

I was shivering, and hearing my little cousins say to their mother, "I am so cold!" I automatically got up and went to the house. Not wishing to step over the dead maid, I went in by a side door that was completely smashed, and gathered up the clothes that were in the ground floor closet. The dining-room was littered with broken china and glass.

Putting their coats on the children, I threw a heavy cloak over my cousin's shoulders, and took one myself. This moving about restored me to normal, and I began to reflect that other shocks might follow, and that in the present lull we ought to bring out of the house what we should need during the coming night.

People had begun to gather in to groups, and to one such group nearby I spoke of the necessities confronting us. "There are dead to be buried, wounded to be cared for, and we must bring out what things we shall need during the night, since we cannot go back into the houses to sleep."

"That's right," an elderly man agreed, getting to his feet. "Let's go and start the people doing it."

"Where did you find the coat you have on?" a woman asked between her sobs.

"I went into the house and got it."

"Weren't you afraid?"

"No need to be afraid now. It will be quiet for a while. Go into your house and get a coat. The earth is only shivering."

Another woman stopped snivelling: "She knows all about earthquakes. She has been in Paris studying them."

The others looked at me with new respect. On such slender evidence are reputations made.

As the elderly man and I moved toward another group, we came upon a young woman sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree. She was neither crying nor moaning. She just stared before her as if turned to stone.

"Where are your children?" I asked, and repeated the question before the staring eyes focussed themselves on me.

"I have only one. He is in there."

"Let us go in and get him."

The woman shook her head. "He's dead. A big mirror fell on his crib and killed him."

"He may not be dead. Let's go in and see."

A light came into her face, but faded instantly. "No, he's quite dead, quite dead."

The child in truth was dead, but she carried it out tenderly, and I found a coat in a closet and put it on the mother.

As we passed from group to group I discovered in myself an unsuspected organizing ability. I made an appeal to the pride of the people, urging them to show their mettle in the face of this catastrophe. Most of the women controlled their hysterics, and in a short time we had a band of workers formed who went into the houses, gathered up coats, rugs, blankets, and threw them out of the window. And becoming braver, as the courage of one strengthened that of another, we stayed longer in the houses, and instead of snatching up anything we saw, we selected the most suitable articles. Mothers told us where their children's clothing was and where their linen was stored. We established outside receivers, who came under the windows and gathered up the articles which we threw out, and assorted them.

That new-found power within me told me that we must go to the laundries and get clothes-lines and clothes-poles to make tents, and we began to select rugs that were large and not too heavy for the same purpose.

One old man said he knew how to make tents. His knowledge, however, was slim, and the tent collapsed twice before we managed to keep it upright. Little by little we improved our technique, by making a deeper hole in the middle in which to put the clothes-poles, and by driving many more stakes into the ground to attach the

ropes to. But it took us a long time to set up the first tent.

After a while we had up five in a row; for we felt safer close to each other. The dead we carried to one side, and covered with sheets. Then we called for a volunteer to go to the village, to the pharmacist, to see if we could get a doctor, and to bring us bandages. And putting delicacy aside, I spoke to two old men I had never seen before about the necessity of preparing sanitary arrangements.

"You have a head on your shoulders, young one!" and they went to the back of a house to look for spades.

The children were among our most useful members. We formed them into squads of five, with one at the head, and sent them into the houses to gather up the receptacles that would hold water. These were placed in a row, in front of each tent.

Before nightfall we were somewhat organized, and thanks to the thin, easily carried mattresses we use in Turkey, each tent was provided with four or five beds, laid on rugs.

The boats from Constantinople were all late, and the men arriving on them told of the devastation in the city. Weeks later I learned that the house in which I should have stayed was badly destroyed, and one woman in it killed. As for my mother, the first time she saw me she was so dazed that she cried out: "Did the earthquake throw you over here?"

The men from the city helped to bring food out of the houses, putting the milk aside for the children. Then we formed a committee of those who were to remain on the island, and because I had been the first to start working, they chose me as leader.

That night we slept close to our dead. Early the next morning priests arrived with a carriage and a wagon. They read the burial service, and we found some flowers to place upon the bodies. The mother of the baby killed by the mirror had dressed her little one in a fresh white gown and a white veil.

She and the mother of another dead child begged to be allowed to go to the cemetery, but their husbands prevailed upon them not to. There was so little room, and no telling how many more dead there might be.

In the days that followed even my mother, who had come from her home, a mile away, to share my cousin's tent, was pleased with her generally unsatisfactory daughter. Our quarter, a week later, was proclaimed the best organized of all, and from the military tents that the government sent to the island, a large one was given to us. While the soldiers were putting it up, we watched them, learning, and afterwards improved our own tents.

The government tent was quite spacious, and we decided to use it as a communal sitting-room, and to eat in it when it rained.

As the days passed, the children became a problem, until we invented a sort of boy-scout movement, after which they took their responsibilities more thoroughly than certain of the grown-ups. They showed considerable inventiveness; and one Armenian boy of sixteen, who somehow had got in among us, started a singing class; for the Armenians have music in their souls, and will sing even when they are being massacred.

We also formed a fire-prevention service to guard the tents at night, since we had to rely on candles for light, taking turns in sitting up to keep watch. I don't remember ever having loved so many people as I did during those weeks we lived in tents. I even forgot my own grievances, and the terrible fact that I wasn't going back to Paris. All my thoughts were occupied with finding new ways of bettering our enforced out-of door life. We had a committee for raising money to buy food, which was shared alike. And not once did anyone say: "But I gave a bigger share of the money, and I ought to have more."

People who were thought nobodies proved most resourceful. Everyone seemed bent on doing his share, and it came to me that to be fine, one did not have to be bookish. One young woman accustomed to luxury said to me some weeks later: "Even though I lack everything I used to consider essential, and have to wash in a cupful of water, I am possessed of a contentment I have never felt before. I never knew people *could* be so nice. I wish we could keep on living this way all the time."

Men who had been thought unapproachable proved most kind. They lent money to the needy to repair their homes and to buy tools. Generosity was the guiding spirit of all. And one banker from the city gathered the money that was to be lent and took it to his bank, and the bills were paid from there.

Before the end of August the last of the tents was taken down, and the owners carried the rugs back to their homes. Undoubtedly some things had been stolen. Some clothing was not returned by those who borrowed it. A few occurrences that shouldn't have happened, did happen. But on the whole a wonderful communal spirit held us together all those weeks, and brought out the best in us.

After we were back in our home, my mother decided that until I returned to school I had better receive my training in housekeeping. The ability to manage a home is considered the most essential part of the education of a Greek girl. I was therefore systematically trained by one of the women who specialize in this, from bed-making and laundry work to shopping at the butcher's and the grocer's. I learned about the different cuts of meat, and how to judge the freshness of vegetables, and what vegetables went best with what meats; how to prepare and cook the food; what sauces were suitable for each dish; and how to utilize what was left over for salads and cassaroles. Especial stress was laid on economy.

Oddly enough I enjoyed this training more than I should have thought possible. Perhaps the recent weeks had shown me the value of practical matters. And I learned that cooking was a creative art. Not long afterwards I had occasion to be grateful to my mother for this training, and to thank heaven that I had not opposed her wishes in this.

(To be continued)

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Order of Ahepa

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AT

PILSEN PARK

26TH STREET and ALBANY

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AHEPA CHAPTER NO. 46 and SPARTAN SOCIETY

Geo. Bourlos

POETRY

THE SEARCH

Our planet,
through with fire,
falls hard against the night,
itself
a pyre.

Not even
heaven can withstand
the heavy hand
pounding the shadows as
mere flowers
cannot;

nor guess
where in this night
solace is hidden.
Unbidden,
new darkness slides
over the sin
yesrterday hides

and I, up to my heart
in grief,
wander the shadows
searching.

If belief
once had a reason
then I, too,
will find a voice
again
to speak of you.

—constance elinore hatson

CODA

Lust never became us—
sizes too large
it sprawled on, ill-cut

indefinite

covering these: our
Hands

where poems were, and (even)

stars . . .

—constance elinore hatson

PASSACAGLIA AND FUGUE

Growing to everywhere the blossom fits
along each coastline of the soul, and thrust
with fugal spasm into a divine
Somewhere
of flashing wings . . .

—constance elinore hatson

LAST POEM

Oh, Asleep
fondly
trying terror to the ut
most, I dare touch your
far-away
lips

like dipping into a still
flower of

red, or

blindly, like a wind reaching
filling all like water between
rocks

here with a wild wish, kiss
(one-half a kiss) and you
places in you awakening.

—constance elinore hatson

(but)

Into me terribly

(but)
mimeographed

: LIGHT (five-up)

never again light
or snow-upon-
snow

; darkness allwheres
is real

and never light
, snow
mimeographed . . .

—constance elinore hatson

I, STILL

I clinging to the boat
(luvboat) where so shortly
sat, in satin skirts
a dream.
There
over the water
with a solidness for one time
like no other time, verymuch of a
what (gone to
where?)

No more ask. Say
just: row fine, row
gently, row with a still, good
stroke, row gently away, though I
still clinging to the boat
(its underneath), still
clinging . . .

—constance elinore hatson

ESTHETIC ONE

I,—who conjecture in the lazy spring
To awaken from my soul's battle with peace,
To sing a tune, and grasp the mighty bud,
I,—that want, yet do not want; that feel,
Yet do not feel—
In precise form to create
Images of my basic need—
Pull back from the joys of exploited beauty,
Feel the slow pulse of the setting sun,
Pull back to the channel of dark known pain,
The earth and its fires of conquest and gain.
All nature's wanderings and passions innate
Fill the sky, and bloom—into shadow state!
I,—therefore, can be but silent
In the great rush of spring
As my eyes meet, and quietly seek
The all conquering spirit of an esthetic one.

—E. T. PANESIS

ILLUSIONS OF LOVE

Why do we run out through the night
to catch the fire of the fallen star,
to grasp within our feeble hold,
the enigma of a paradise,
the illusion of a peaceful mind!
A pattern lending love, ...
Why do we run out through the night
to feel the cool fall of rain,
and taste the tears of a mournful sky,
whose guidance leads us far into
the battle of discontent-
Away from the arms of love, . . .

Why do we run out through the night
to dissolve ourselves in freedom;
from all that we can see, and
left in the cool rain we stand
Alone, . . . with but illusions of love!

—E. T. PANESIS

COUNCIL TO THE PRETENDERS

Smell the lily, oh you who say you live;
Look upon the beauty of the sky and the ocean.
Marvel at the seasons and listen to the birds.
Have you never heard them?

Stop your tasks of life but once to see them.
Take your soul and place it above the grinding
Of the whet-stone of your superficial ambitions.
Lift your head and breathe. Taste of the air.
Is it not sweet?

Pray, what is the goal you strive so laboriously toward?
Will its reward be so great as to erase the furrows of
Worry which line your forehead?
How soon will your calloused hands bear semblance to the
Lily I invite you to smell?

You do not hear me. The grinding noise of your labour
Deafens you to my calls.
The sweat of your weariness blinds your eyes
With tears of exhaustion.
Harken unto me! I, life, summon you.

—ALICE M. MICHALAROS

INSPIRATIONS AND IMITATIONS

If I could be an artist
I'd paint from morn 'til night
And with my brush I'd paint the world
With all my colors bright.

I'd paint my girls like Fragonard
With dresses pink and lace,
And all their smiles would match the style
Of Mona Lisa's face.

I'd make my skies just like Cezanne
My figure like Picasso,
And when my cubist streaks wear out,
I'll scribble like Murrasso.

I'll be abstract like Miro,
Paint people like a stick,
And soon they'll add my paintings
To collections labeled Frick!

I'lll paint portraits like Rapheal
My cats like Perraneau,
And when I think of Monrtefontaine,
I'll paint just like Corot.

I'll starve to death from hunger;
In life I'll have no rate
But when I'm dead they'll buy my art,
And call my paintings great.

—ALICE M. MICHARALOS

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THE PLAZA

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A Hilton Hotel • C. N. Hilton, President

CITY AND STATE OFFICIALS HONOR JOHN PAPAS, LOGAN SQUARE (Chicago) PIONEER

Led by his Honor Mayor Martin Kennelly of Chicago, numerous state and city officials, thousands of Chicagoans gathered in Monument Square (Logan Sq., Chicago) on the 5th of March 1950, to pay their respects and honor, John Papas, one of Chicago's leading merchants and pioneers on the occasion of the 40th anniversary of his starting in business in the Logan Square District by founding the Terminal Restaurant. Today, John Papas, scion of a prominent Greeek family, which has produced statesmen and prime ministers in the old country, came to America from his native town of Levidi, Greece, at the turn of the century, established himself in Chicago, became one of its pioneers in business and served his city and the state in many capacities. That is why the mayor and the state saluted him as a real American. The festivities which lasted a full week were spontaneous and the work of his friends from all over Chicago and the state of Illinois. Numerous organizations such as the American Legion, the Kiwanis, etc., participated in honoring Mr. Papas. The Chicago daily newspapers and the radio covered the events fully. The parade pictured above was one of the Papas week events.

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13TH DISTRICT OF AHEPA

(The Blue Ribbon District)

At the

ARAGON BALLROOM

1100 WEST LAWRENCE AVENUE - CHICAGO

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 15, 1950

CHICAGO'S ST. ANDREW GREEK COMMUNITY SET FOR EXTENSIVE BUILDING PROGRAM

With the purchase of a valuable piece of land at 5643 N. Sheridan Rd., where the new Byzantine style church will be erected, St. Andrew's Greek Community in Chicago rounds up 25 years of service to the Chicago North Side Greek Americans. As a matter of fact, St. Andrews has been a model community throughout the years, especially now when under the rectorship of the Rev. George Mastrantonis a vigorous youth program is under way.

The lay and administrative program for the church is in the able hands of a progressive board of directors headed by the well known Chicago candy manufacturer C. N. Johnson. S. J. Gregory, theatrical magnate is chairman of the building fund. Concerning the building fund goal of $500,000, considerable progress has been made so far, due to a great extent to the generosity of Mr. C. N. Johnson,

C. N. JOHNSON, Presiden of the Community

Mr. John Papas, the vice president of the community, and Mr. S. J. Gregory who personally contributed thousands of dollars to the fund and who together with the rest of the committee have been working hard to raise the money needed.

During the past twenty five years the church has been in the hands of conscientious ecclesiastical personnel and lay leaders.

The following are now in charge:

1950 OFFICERS:

C. N. Johnson, President; John Papas, James Nichols, Vice Presidents; George Vourvoulias, Eustace Heropoulos, Secretaries; John Lambrakis, Nick Kanellos, Tresurers.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

George Arvites, James Barris, George Becharas, E. M. Chirigos, William Cotseones, George Cotsiliros, James DeMet, Thanos Demos, Nicholas D. Diacos, James A. Geroulis, Peter Gianukos, S. J. Gregory, Nick Karafotias, Gus Landers, Andrew Margarites, George J. Marks, John Mitchell, George Nikopoulos, George Phillips, Nicholas W. Prassas, Thomas Valos, Nick Vlahos, Mr. Jack Wilson.

CHURCH STAFF

Rev. George Mastrantonis; Mrs. George Mastrantonis, Sunday School Director; Sophie Jackson,

Chairman of the Building Fund.

Church Secretary; Priscilla Pantazis, Organist; Minas Booras, Choir Master; Andrew Adams, Custodian; Mrs. Peter Coutomanos, Mrs. Philip Kaskas, School Teachers.

PAST PRIESTS

Rev. Constantinos Hadzi-Demetri, Rev. Erineos Tsourounaki, Rev. Athenoragoras Kokkinaki, Rev. Gregory Carfopoulos.

PAST PRESIDENTS of the ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

John Papas, George Arvites, E. M. Chirigos, William Cotseones, Paul Demos, Andrew Margarites, James Nichols, George Nikopoulos, George Phillips, Thomas Valos, Mr. Gus Kakarakis (deceased).

In a subsequent issue we will speak of the excellent organization connected with St. Andrew's and the wonderful constructive work they are doing.

JOHN PAPAS, Vice President, with Mayor Kennelly on the occasion of the 40th Anniversary Celebrations described on the oposite page.

129th Gree
Observed in Athen

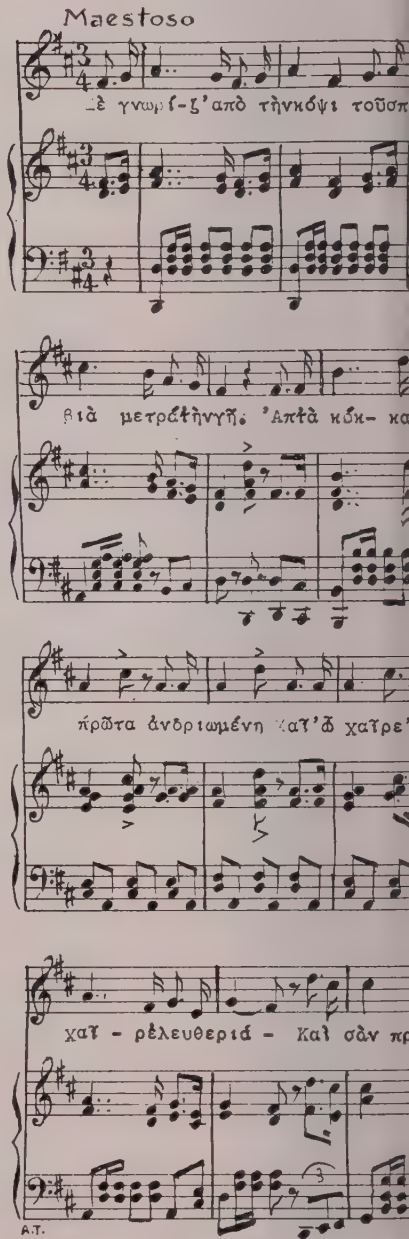
ATHENS GREECE: The parade is usually spearheaded by the Royal Family, King Paul, Queen Frederika, Crownprince Constantinos and Princess Sophia.

ATHENS GREECE: The army displays its new equipment recently arrived from America.

THE GREEK

The Greek National Anthem
poet Dionysios Solomos during
It is without doubt one of the
as a national anthem ranks am
cially during the revolution it
music for this hymn was later
ment is by Perry Voultsos.

Maestoso

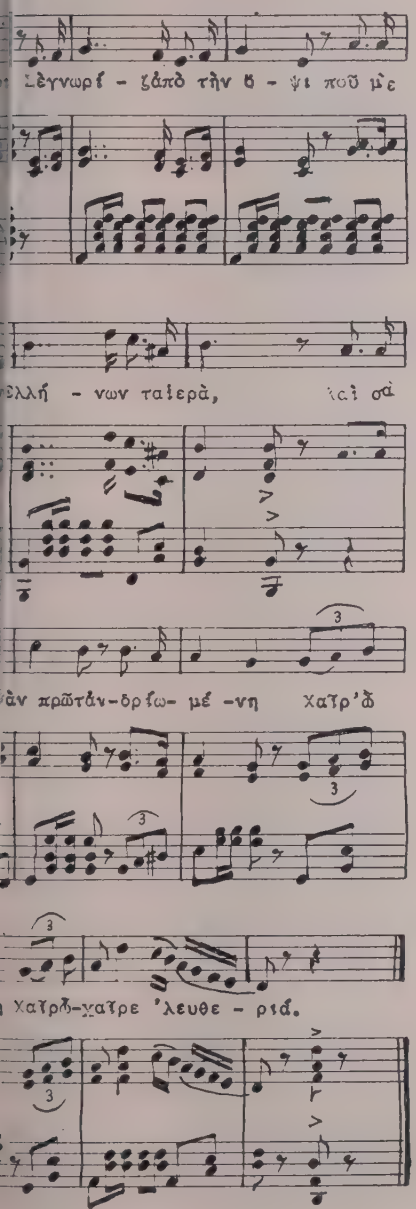


CHICAGO ILLINOIS: The 129th Independence Day of Gre
Civic Opera House on the evening on March 26, 1950. Spea
of Illinois, George Kapsambelis, Consul General of Greece in
Bishop of Chicago. A committee composed of Bishop Ger
Rev. Nikita Kesses, Arthur H. Peponis, Pierre DeMets, Peter
topoulos, and George Askounis visited Mayor Martin Kennelly
also Governor Stevenson for officially proclaiming the 25th da
in Chicago and the state of Illinois. Seen in the photograp
Kennelly, Bishop Gerasimos of Chicago and George Kapsamb
Chicago.

pendence
York and Chicago

AL ANTHEM

written by the great Greek
k Independence (1821-1828).
written in modern Greek and
the world. For a time, espe-
t everywhere in Europe. The
colas Manzaros. This arrange-



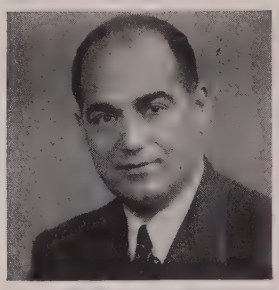
Chicago at the
Scott W. Lucas
Rev. Gerasimos,
eral Kapsambelis,
mpilas, T. Chris-
thank him and
ndependence Day
(l. to r.) Mayor
onsul General in

NEW YORK, N. Y. — Adding glamor to the New York Greek Independence parade. Greek-American girls symbolize Greece, America and England. (Left to right) Miss Kia Dionysos, Miss Electra Sotergiannakis and Miss Aspasia Doukas.

NEW YORK, N. Y. — Graceful Anastasia Vagionis, daughter of Nicholas Vagionis, grand marshal of the parade, is shown leading the procession in the traditional Greek costume, the Foustanella. Following are (left to right) Commissioner of Marine and Aviation, Hon. Edward F. Cavanaugh, of New York; Nicholas Vagionis, Grand Marshal and George Contemanoles, Marshal.

NEW YORK, N. Y. — Members of the Greek American Veterans Association, a World War !! group, participate in the parade led by National Commander Nicholas J. Stevason.

Atlanta Photos by
J. KAVALLINES



New York

by

JOHN BELASCO

GAPA BEAUTY CONTEST: Beautiful Miss Sofie Georgiadou was elected Queen at the GAPA's beauty contest held at the Statler Hotel. The program was lively. Miss Christine Matsios of the "Kiss Me Kate" cast sang delightfully. Metropolitan star Nicola Moscona was a major attraction, and at the piano, Constantine Callinicos, popular pianist was received with enthusiasm.

St. Markessinis and his co-workers who gave us such a delightful evening deserve our congratulations.

DR. D. L. FLORAS: Dr. Demetrios L. Floras, a specialist in earthquake resistant construction spoke at the 97th annual meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers at the Commodore Hotel. Said Dr. Floras who is a distinguished member of this society "Since ethe problem of earthquake-resistant structural design still remains unsolved, it is advisable that structural engineers plan and design structures in conformity with fundamental principles of earthquake-resisting construction. As this knowledge is foreign to the experience and conventional thinking of most structural engineers a treatise containing the investigation for the design of earthquake resistant structures is needed to be written . . .

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE: This great institution devoted to the Opera and its glamour has seen few great artists and managers like Edward Johnson, who has served 15 years in the latter capacity and is scheduled to retire in June. Among his great discoveries as a talent scout in Europe was our own Nicola Moscona, who made his debut at the Metropolitan on November 13, 1937. In spite of many changes as to personnel and in spite of the influx of much foreign talent, Moscona was favored to remain with the istitution as one of its leading artists.

NEW DIPLOMAT: Antonios Poumpouras of Andros, a promising young and able diplomat has been appointed Consul General of Greece in New York. This is a very important post, and we know that Mr. Poumpouras is the right man for the job. Previous to his coming in New York he served at the Greek Embassy in Washington and he also was consul general of Greece in Chicago some years back. Recently the Andros society in New York gave an impressive banquet in his honor.

MAGNIFICENT TEAM: Lida Alma and Yianni Fleury, a magnificent dancing team of Greek extraction have been the current attraction since their return from Europe at Leon & Eddie's Night Club. They will be going to Beverly Hills, California, soon to appear at a high class cafe near the movie colony but in passing through Chicago they will appear at Jimmy Pappas' well known "Vine Gardens" night club.

INSPIRING LECTURES: An inspiring lecture was given at the Auditorium of the Museum of Modern Art by Prof. Arthur Whall (M. A. Cantab.) distinguished scholar and author. His subject: "Greece, Anchor of the West". His excellency Alex Kyrou introduced the speaker. The lecture was a huge success and much credit belongs to Miss Nina Michael Embiricos, an active member of the "Friends of Greece, Inc." under whose sponsorship the lecture was given. Mr. Whall is the author of the **Greek Reader,** a **must** book for those interested in Greek literature, recently published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce.

Dr. Skevos Zervos, the famous medic and patriot spoke on "Hippocrates" at the Archdiocese building, before an appreciative audience. Hih lecture was illustrated.

Dr. Simonides G. Vlavianos gave an interesting lecture under the auspices of the Cathedral Philophotos society of which charming Mrs. Kate V. Vlavianos is president. The subject of the lecture was "the Child". Dr. Simonides G. Vlavianos is a distinguished Neurologist and Psychiatrist whom we introduced to Athene readers some two years ago.

VARIETY: Tycha Turlitaki, a noted artist from Europe was enthusiastically received at her American debut at the famous Town Hall. Her exceptionally sweet and well trained sopranos voice thrilled her audience. The program included arias from "Iphigenia in Aulis", "Don Giovanni", "La Forza del Destino" and many others including two Greek songs.

Dimitri Mitropoulos, famous Greek maestro is now conducting the New York Philharmonic.

Works of **John Xceron,** top notch artist of non-objective art are to be seen at the Museum of Non-Objective Art, 1071 Fifth Ave.

Nicholas G. Georgakakis, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Georgakakis was awarded the Westinghouse chemical prize at the 89th New York High School according to the New York World-Telegram & Sun.

George Judges, manager of St. Moritz Hotel, became a granlfather for the third time.

Theodore Psaropoulos, noted Greek - American portrait painter is planning an exhibition soon.

George (Lambros) Guetary a Greek actor from France, has been well received in the Musical play "Arms and the Girl" at 46th St. Theatre.

Vasilios Petrou Goulandris and charming **Elize Petrou Karadonti** of Athens, Greece, were married recently at Sun Valley, Idaho.

QUEEN WRITES TO NEW YORKER: Nicholas Chaparas, owner of the Spartan Shipping of New York, received a letter from the Queen of Greece thanking him for the transport of gift packages to the needy of Greece gratis via his shipping Company. Mr. Chaparas hails from Sparta, has been active among several societies, is an exporter and importer, and in addition he manufactures and distributes food items at 99 Hudson St. He is also the owner of the "Dry Roast Nut Corp." which prepares those lavish assortments of nuts and imported Persian pitted dates, one sees in the best department stores under the trade mark "Nutco". Our congratulations to Mrs. Chaparas for his fine example on behalf of the needy in Greece.

RENA SPARTAKOS

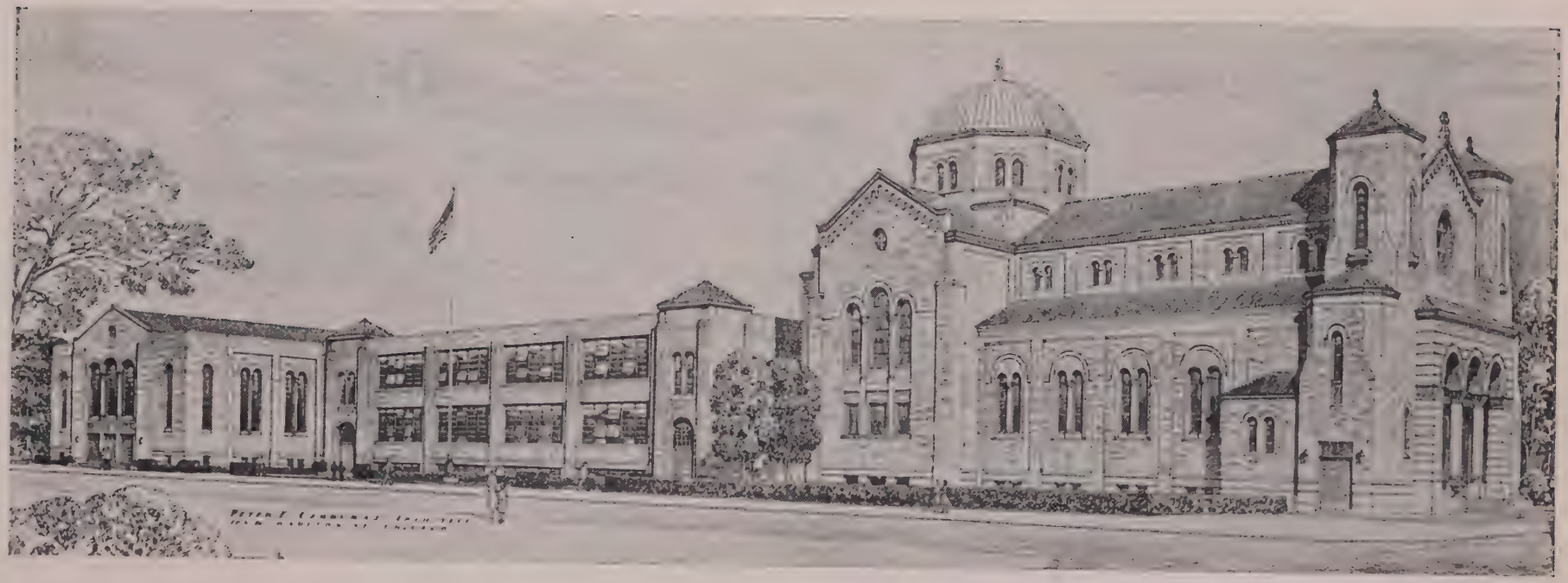
FLORISTS BALL: Once again the florists have given their unforgetable and lavish ball at the world famous Waldorf Astoria. The program as usual was vivacious and the attendance most satisfactory. Brilliant Rena Spartakos was the featured artist and she sang many selections in different languages. Rena (Vlahopoulou) Spartakos is a native of Kekyra and during the past few years she appeared on many an American platform.

DAUGHTERS of CHICAGO PIONEER

MRS. RICHARD K. WALTERS

These two Grecian-type beauties are the daughters of Theodore Speropoulos and his charming wife Ethel, owners of the famous Maple Leaf Restaurant and Candy store in downtown Chicago. Mrs. Richard K. Walters, nee Marion Speropoulos (left) was born in Chicago and attended Boulder University, Colo. where she met her husband Mr. Walters, an instructor in Electrical Engineering. They live in Ames, Ia. Her sister Miss Emily Theodore Speropoulos (left) an Illinois University student has won several awards. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Speropoulos are on their way to Europe with the Pan-Arcadian Excursion. Bon Voyage!

MISS EMILY TH. SPEROPOULOS



PETER E. CAMBURAS, Architect

• This group of buildings when completed will constitute the most impressive Hellenic community center in America. They constitute, the Church of the Assumption (right) already completed, the Plato Parochial School (center) and the Community Center (right). All of them have been designed by the noted architect Peter E. Camburas. Work on the latter two buildings will start immediately. Their style will conform to that of the church which has been designed after the Byzantine fashion. A more detailed description will be found on the opposite page. The ceilings will be treated acoustically and on the whole all up-to-date conveniences will be installed.

MIKE KOROMPILAS

KOROMPILAS LAUDS CHICAGO ASSUMPTION SCHOOL PROJECT

Erection of the Plato Parochial School of the Chicago Assumption Church, a drawing of which as designed by architect Peter E. Camburas appears on the opposite page, will start this Spring. And according to Mike Korompilas, dynamic president of this, the largest Greek community in America, the new buildings will cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and will house a modern two story school of six rooms each, offices, a high basement hall which will seat from 700 to 800 people, and many other facilities. This will be the largest and without doubt the most complete Greek-American parochial school in the country.

In addition to the school building, an imposing community center will be erected as shown in the drawings, which will feature a large auditorium seating over 1500 people, a gymnasium, swimming pool and smaller halls for the use of the community groups.

The Assumption Greek community last year had an income of $161,500.00 and is growing. The congregation is enthusiastic with the building program and with the present administration.

Mr. Korompilas, who has donated already two cars to the community is giving another one this year. He has made many other contributions in addition.

The Annual Picnic of the community will take place again this year at Pilsen Park on Labor Day. Last year over twelve thousand people attended.

dsp dsp dsp dsp dsp dsp dsp dsp

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COMPILED and EDITED by ARTHUR L. WHALL

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The Theophilos Kairis monument in the center of the city of Andros

A View of Batsion

View of the Korthios gulf

ANDROS

A COMMERCIAL SEA POWER

Six miles to the southeast of Euboea rises out of the blue Aegean Sea the island of Andros, one of the largest of the Cyclades group. Its length is about 24½ miles and its average width 10½ miles. Its surface is intersected by numerous hills and mountains, the tallest of them rising over 3,000 feet above sea level and dividing it from east to west in two almost equal parts. The valleys between these mountains and hills are well watered and fertile, growing a great variety of vegetables, cereals, and fruits such as oranges, lemons, tangerines, figs, almonds, olives, grapes, etc.

Andros' chief claim to fame lies in the fact that her sea-faring folk control 45% of Greek navigation and that amounts to over a million grsos tons.

Historic Andriote names are Kairis, Haniotis, A. Fragopoulos, Leontios Kambanis, Rev. Gregoris Pompouras, Varnis Zacharias, Vizees I. Marmaras, P. Koumelis, Makarios Malaxos, Yianoulis Demetriou, M. Lefakis, Neris, and many others. Kairis himself was quite a personality whose statue today rises in Kairis square in Andros.

The inhabitants of Andros are known to be good seamen. Those who have emigrated abroad are to be found mostly in Athens, Piraeus, Alexandria, London, Montreal and New York. Many as we have said are ship owners with offices in all the principal cities of the world.

One such honored name in the world of Finance and Navigation is the name of Embiricos. The Embiricos family tree

MICHAEL A. EMBIRICOS
SHIPOWNER AND PHILANTHROPIST

has branched out to Paris, London, New York, and other industrial centers. They were the owners of the fabulous S.S. Patris which brought over most of the first generation Greek-Americans some 30 to 35 years ago. Another Andriote name that is shooting high is that of Goulandris. The Goulandris clan own many ships including the S. S. Hellas, which seems to be the choice of most of those who visit Greece these days.

The Embericos Shipping Corp., 120 Wall St., is owned by the ever active and patriotic Andriote, Michael Embiricos. His ships visit the seven seas.

The Orion Shipping Co., Inc., 80 Broad St., is owned by Goulandris Bros., sons of the late Petros Goulandris. They are John, Nick, George, Vasilios and Constantinos. On the other hand their uncles, Leonidas, Vasilios and Nicholas I. P. Goulandris are the owners of the General Steam Navigation Co., Ltd. of Greece, known also as the Greek Line, owners as we say above of the S. S. Hellas, the S. S. Neptunia, etc. Michael L. Goulandris is the manager of the line at 8-10 Broad St.

Other ship-owners with offices in New York ae: Maris Embericos and his son, Andreas. George A. Embericos(Nicholas L. Kondylis, Takis Moraitis, Aristides Bistis, John Mavros, Anastasios Sidiratos, and Antonios Segalas, brother of Theodore Segalas, president of the Andros Ship Supply Co. in New York.

The Andros Society of New York was established in 1929 and ranks among the best Greek Topika Somateia. Menelaos Diapoulis is president. Others who have served in this capacity are: Demetrios Kokinos, Theo. Kairis, Ioannis L. Tziotis, Evangelos Lavdas, and Louis E. Amoratis. This society has been quite active participating in all worthwhile patriotic and civic movements.

Many thanks to Mr. Louis E. Amoratis of the T. & A. Cofee Co. for aiding me with the material in this article.

—JOHN BELASCO

ANTONIOS I. POUMPOURAS

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This War Monument stands in front of the Embericos Old Peoples' Home, Andros

The Capital City of Andros

View of Gavrison, another fascinating Andros landscape

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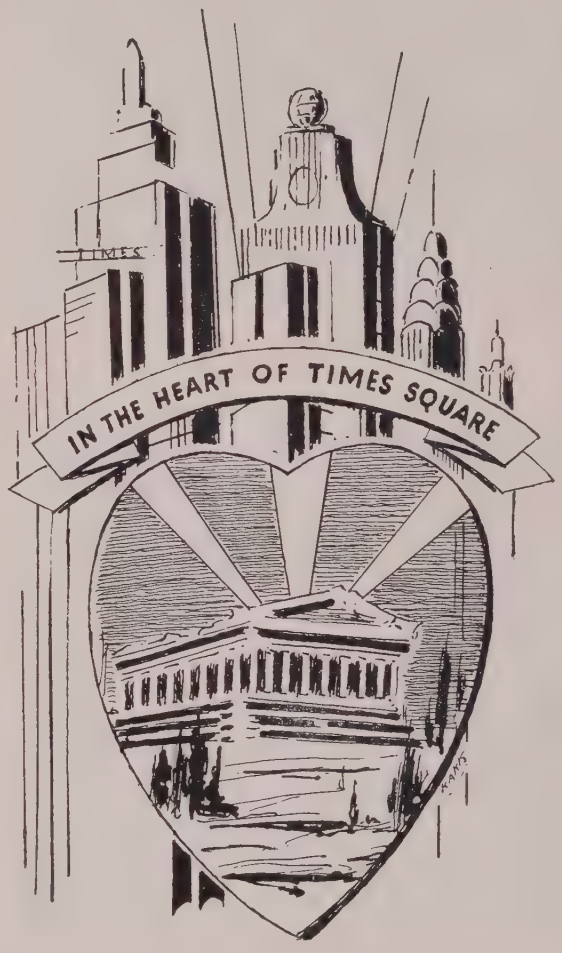

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GREEK COOKING IS A RARE EXPERIENCE —CLAIMS CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD IN NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

Lamb, a whole lamb turned on the spit. It was coming to a crackling brown, its perfume answering back sharply to the caveman's appetite that waits deep down in the best of us to spring to attention with a yippy-i-ee at the first whiff of barbecued meat.

This was the kitchen of the new Hellas Cafe, 143 West Forty-fourth Street, opened by three Greek restaurateurs who know exactly what they are doing and do it very well, indeed. The three are James Chatis, Mike Canell and George Tsakas, and there is Chef Kemon, no partner, but the most important man in the set-up. He rules the kitchen. It's Chef Kemon who has his eyes on that sizzling lamb carcass. Every few minutes during its three hours on the spit a sauce is dribbled over, a sauce of his own manufacture. It has some extra foreign flavor, maybe the crumble of a bay leaf or a few cumin seed, a sauce with spirit but not of the molten lava variety.

Appetite yipping and yapping, we are back in the dining room to eat what the Greeks eat when they step out to dinner. A cocktail? No, our drink is the Ouzo, this a clear brandylike liquor, distilled from the grape with a strong anisette flavor. Drink it straight poured over ice cubes. Watch, slowly it turns to a milky white fluid. Some prefer to be cheered by a sweet wine taken as an apertif. The pungent Mavrodaphine is much liked, this made of a special grape that grows only in Achaia. Another sweet wine less heavy is the Samos Muscat from the Island of Samos.

* * *

PICK AND PECK — The Greek appetizer plate has the American touch — a slice of cucumber topped with a shrimp. A salute to the Italians —a slice of salami and a slice of hardcooked egg decked with anchovy. But all else is Greek. One exotic is the white caviar salad, a very small roe blended with ground hard bread with olive oil added and this whipped smooth and fluffy to serve on a green-pepper ring. Present one stuffed vine leaf, the Greek Dolmadakia, its filling of rice and ground meat and egg touched lightly with spice, and the fragrance of herbs; dill is predominating.

Calamata olives are a great pride with the restaurant. These olives are rather long, of red-brown skin, the color of the fresh date; tender and delicate. We were interested in something the waiter called vorvous, a wild onion that grows in Greece, in Italy and Spain, brought here dried in 100-pound bags. These are skinned, boiled tender, then pickled in a distillation of spicy vinegar. Rather on the bitter side; odd but good. No celery with the appetizer array, finochia instead, the Greeks favor its flavor—definitely anise.

A dip of sliced pickled beets, a square of cheese, this the Feta, made of goat's milk, a white cheese quite solid and dry with a sour curd taste.

Another cheese on the menu is Kasseri, this of sheep's milk, but we didn't sample.

* * *

GARLIC! OH MY! — In Greece do as the Greeks. We noticed that the most popular appetizer wasn't the assortment, but a plate of sliced pickled beets topped with something that looked like whipped cream. We had a plate, too. The topping was garlic sauce.

The Greeks endow garlic with many virtues, but principally as a giver to physical strength. It thus in early centuries became the food of soldiers to promote courage. It takes courage, all right to eat that garlic sauce, good as it is; for garlic has strength whether it gives it or not.

Some lost week end you might try making a batch. Pound a few garlic cloves to nothing in a wooden bowl, add finely ground hard bread, then olive oil and whip in mixed until fluffy. At the Hellas Cafe a quarter-lemon goes with the sauce; you tang it to taste. The sauce is served with all manner of fish, fish hot, fish cold.

* * *

MENU MAJORS—Lamb and mutton is daily menu meat. You can get steak at the Hellas, you can get chicken, but it's lamb that the kitchen prepares every which way. Barbecued, yes, but also braised with string beans, with eggplant, with okra, with cauliflower, with peas, every vegetable in it's season. There are vegetable main dishes you will find nowhere else except on a Greek table. One is eggplant stuffed with onions and garlic and cooked in olive oil.

Two pies to surprise. One has an egg and cheese filling, one is made with spinach, the vegetable finely chopped, blended with butter and cheese and seasoned with dill. The pie crust is composed of layer upon layer of those leaf-thin dough squares.

* * *

HONEY SWEET — Pastries for desert, all giving evidence that Greek cooking has been greatly influenced by the Turkish cuisine. There is Baklava, a sweet made exactly as that admired by the Turks and Syrians, a layering of fragile pastry leaves with crushed walnut filling blended with sweet butter and the cake honey drenched.

Ravani is still another of these cakes to comfort for the sweet tooth. It's a poundcake of sorts, made with ground almond replacing most of the flour, very moist of honey. Instead of cake have the cultured milk if you are watching your figure. This is offered plain or strained, called viacurti—the same thing as the yoghurt of the Balkans.

Greatest delicacy of all is the sweet pungent Oriental coffee. In Greece this is the great indulgence of city and town dwellers. Business deals are invariably transacted in cafes over thimblefuls of the fragrant brew. The moment a guest comes calling, the little brass pots in which the coffee is made is set on to boil.

Certainly, the Greeks have made the most of the frugal yield of their land. Imagination in the use of spices and fragrant oils have made their national dishes fit foods for the gods.

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BOOKS

By C. J. LAMPOS

A PUPIL OF ARISTOTLE

I was surprised recently to dig out of my old university debris a paper which shows that T. S. Eliot, the Anglo-American modernist poet who was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1948, is a critic who follows in a great measure the literary ground-rules of Aristotle. As Mr. Eliot is more widely understood by his critical studies than by his obscure verse, this is a point of keen interest.

The perfect critic, Mr. Eliot says in an essay of that title, must combine sensitiveness, erudition, sense of fact and sense of history, and generalizing power. To complement and modify his superior sensibility, he must have wide and profound reading, which gives him a more extended pasture, increases his understanding, refreshes and verifies his impressions, and forms a system of them. The accidents of personal emotion are thus removed, and criticism becomes a development of sensibility, a pure contemplation of art.

The perfect critic must not legislate or Judge. His task is simply to inquire and elucidate, leaving the reading to form the correct judgment for himself. The dogmatic critic fails because only the free intelligence can be wholly devoted to inquiry. Criticism must be the exercise of the disinterested intelligence. There is no method of criticism except to be very intelligent. Like Aristotle, the critic must look solely and steadfastly at the object.

He must use no emotions except those immediately provoked by a work of art. Emotions have a pernicious effect because they lead the critic to use criticism as an outlet for his suppressed egotism. Thus an artist is often trustworthy in his criticism because it is always criticism. His creative impulse is satisfied in other fields, while the technical critic is influenced and misguided by his suppressed creative wish.

Like Aristotle, Mr. Eliot has little use for personal emotions. Honest criticism and sensitive appreciation, in his opinion, are directed not upon the poet but upon the poetry. The emotion of art is impersonal because the expression of significant emotion has its life in the poem and not in the history of the poet. Thus we find that the poet has, not a personality to express, but a particular medium in which impressions and experiences combine in peculiar and unexpected ways.

In an essay on the Neo-Classical Dryden, Mr. Eliot insists that we master the poet—"and by mastery is meant a full and essential enjoyment, not the enjoyment of a private whimsical fashion." Our standards, he continues, vary with every poet whom we consider. All we can hope to do, in the attempt to introduce some order into our preferences, is to clarify our reasons for finding pleasure in the poetry that we like.

Mr. Eliot admires Aristotle's universal and general intelligence. He believes in tradition, what he calls "the present moment of the past." No artist has his complete meaning alone. We must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. Thus the old masters are the standards by which we evaluate a new work of art.

And thus we find that the outstanding modernist poet of the English language today bases his critical approach on the tenacious, universal Greek thought of 2300 years ago.

THE VARIETY OF PLATO

It is so easy to review a Plato book because the reviewer can please a large segment of Plato fans regardless of what he says. For Plato is a mirror in which his readers see their own mental images. Many see him as a dreamer seeking a perfect republic that could only be the figment of a romantic imagination, while fully as many see him as an advocate of a justice so complete that it would be more tyrannical and unfeeling than Hitler's.

Ludwig Marcuse, a German who had to flee for his life when Hitler slugged his way to power, sees the Greek philosopher as a seeker of the Good Society whose story has a vital, living moral for us of today. His book PLATO AND DIONYSIUS: A Double Biography (Alfred A. Knopf. New York. 1947. 243 pp. $3.50) thus provides not only informative reading insofar as Plato and his times are concerned, but it also dramatizes the basic problem of the present-day world.

It is a persuasive book, full of strong writing that stings like a slap in the face. The rise of Dionysius I, an insignificant city employee who swayed the mob into regarding him as a hero and gained the backing of the financial interests which wanted to subvert the democracy of Syracuse, is depicted in pages that could easily describe the rise of most dictators of recent times. And Plato is revealed not as an idealistic milksop concocting idle dream within the safety of his Academy in Athens, but rather as a fighter who was willing three times to make long journeys in attempts to thrust the ideal into the realm of power to the end that it might wax great and strong.

"The tragedy of our own time, on the other hand, is not what it has failed to do, but rather what it has failed to try," the author concludes. "It is in the trying that a viable idealism is to be found."

THE SIMPLE PREMIER

Surely there has never been a more engaging political book than Premier Effendi's LIBERAL MEMOIRS (Dynamic Arts Press. New York. 1950. 173 pp. $4.00). Translated by Procope Vournazos and issued in an attractive format, the book has the unusual distinction of being entertaining as well as informative.

Vournazos tells us that he and Effendi were fellow students in Paris just after World War I. He came to New York to form an import-export syndicate, while Effendi returned home to fill a philosophy professorship. Years later when Effendi headed the peaceful Liberal revolution that ousted the military dictatorship, Vournazos wrote to congratulate him. He was surprised to receive the first of a series of long, intimate letters which, though off-the-record and unplanned, tell the story of a man who left his quiet study for a passionate mission to serve his people.

Premier Effendi writes with such utter simplicity and candour that it is difficult for us to accept his assertion that he would need a wheelbarrow to cart off his published works on philosophy and science. He mentions his imprisonment and exile with good-humor, and he is indignant only because of the national disgrace created abroad by the destruction of his library

Spyro Skouras, president of Twentieth Century Fox, who recently presided at the Drake Hotel, during the National Motion Picture Exhibitors' Conclave. The Conclave was attended by 400 of the leading motion picture exhibitors, affiliated and independent, representing approximately 9,000 of the 16,000 Theatres in the United States and Canada. With Mr. Skouras are Van A. Nomikos (right) and Della Gallo, Mr. Nomikos secretary. Nick John Matsoukas, Mr. Skouras' personal publicity agent, was in charge of all incidentals.

N. E.

and research materials. He tells of crossing the border to bring together the conflicting Liberal parties in secret sessions as though this were a simple, safe matter. "Every politician is patriotic at bottom," he says undoubtedly with a wry smile. "You just have to appeal to that section of him."

The world was startled when the Effendi coalition went counter to the wave of the times and used only ballots to defeat a ruthless dictatorship which had liquidated its opponents and controlled the press, polls, and police. "Men's hearts are given, not taken," Premier Effendi declares, and he dismisses his courage in returning to address large crowds, despite the sentences of imprisonment and death that had been pronounced against him, with the words: "I did not believe that harm would come to one who wished only to serve his people." The truth is, of course, that Effendi exposed the dictatorship as so vile and ridiculous with his honesty, courage, and wit that even the Secret Police joined in the indignation and laughter which landslided it to flight.

The book attains King Lear intensity in the section where Premier Effendi tells of the attempt on his life and the counter-coup led by some of his former backers. He cannot believe that these men, who fought so ardently for the good cause, could have sold themselves to selfish interests. Expressing the astonishing fear that he may be getting too strong for the liberties of the nation, he excuses his associates' treason thusly: "Some men are compelled to resist power even when it is not exercised or abused."

In LIBERAL MEMOIRS we meet a good man and true, and we are grateful to Procope Vornazos for enabling us to do so.

HIPPOCRATES AS A NATURALIST

(Continued from page 16)

nose to the mouth, to respiration and digestion in the stomach. In order to find out if there exists a clear passage from the nose to the stomach he made the following very interesting experiment. He took a small pig and hang it up in one of the branches of his historic plane-tree, which still exists today in the island of Cos. He blocked up one of the nostrils of the little pig and through the other he poured down colored water. He dissected the animal afterwards and found this colored water in its stomach. From that time on Medical Science knows this way through the nose, which way she uses very well in the feeding of children suffering from dyptheria, when it is impossible for food to enter the stomach through the mouth, or the feeding through the colon is insufficient.

Hippocrates used other ingenious experiments to analyze the urine of the patient, how fertilization was taking place in the ovum and many other experiments by which he solved the same problems and came to the same scientific conclusions of our present Medical Science, which has the great advantage of having in its possession marvelous instruments and mechanical and biological equipment unknown to man at the time of Hippocrates. The name of Father of Medicine bestowed upon such a giant of Spirit, such an indifatigable researcher and such a careful experimenter in the field of the Art and Science of Medicine by posterity is well earned indeed.

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THE LIBERATED

(Continued from page 14)

another world. In the middle of the room was a bed and by it sat Christo. I started towards him.

"Christo, I tried to get the medicine but its impossible to find at this hour."

He stared at me, his almond shaped eyes red from sleeplessness and anxiety. For a dreadful moment I was afraid he wouldn't speak to me. "Thank you my friend," he said finally, "it doesn't matter any more now." And he pointed to the still body on the bed. I walked over to the bed and looked down at the emaciated face of little Sophia. Suddenly the pain within my chest became unbearable and before I could stop them teams ran down my face.

"Sorry Christo." I muttered.

"Don't feel so bad my friend. My little Sophie is far happier than we now. See, she smiles."

Around me the women began to whimper softly at first, then louder as an oppressive stillness cloaked the room.

Christo covered his face with his large bony hands. When he looked up again his eyes had sunk deep into their sockets and his face was haggard and dark.

"Whats happens now, Johnnie?" He asked me with a deep sigh, as he rose slowly to draw back the curtains in the windows, momentarily flooding the room with sunlight.

"This, all this," he waved his hand in a circular motion, "is the liberation. This is what we have been waiting for—what we have fought for . . . . four, long bloody years." He shook his head, "You were right John. I have been foolish, very foolish indeed."

"No Christo, no! Don't say that. Everything will work itself out, you'll see. It takes time." But something was wrong. The words fell flat. They were unreal—everything in the room was unreal and impossible.

Christo shook his head in that habitual way he had and pulled the curtains into place again. The sun was hidden—the room was in darkness once again.

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Crossword Puzzle

By CONSTANCE H. HATSON

Greek-American Poet and Athene contributor

In seven minutes it would be exactly four weeks since Rick walked out on her. Seven minutes, that is, if the subway clock were right. She sat down on the narrow bench between a man smelling of just-peeled potatoes and a matron balanciing too many bundles on hot enough lap. One bundle, probably a mop handle, had turned weapon and twice nearly knocked off her beret. Irma opened the evening American to the crossword puzzle.

A South-American country, four letters. That was easy. To remove the rind, as from an ear of corn. Husk, of course.

Three minutes before five. "The lowest point," aloud. She tried to wet the pencil-tip, but her tongue was dry. Damn these hard-lead pencils! A green train slid nto the station, sped off leaving behind two young girls of the type who dress alike and run errands at the larger banks. Someone misses each train, she thought. She refused, though, to draw a parallel. If one drew parallels there was no end to the trouble . . . Well—take this, for instance: the lowest point.

Gus and the Mop-handle had gone. Five-one now. Time to scan the poster above THIRD RAIL ALIVE: "Jazz at the Philharmonic." Last time they had gone together. At intermission they had tossed peanut-shells over the first-balcony balustrade, shared a cigarette in forbidding territory.

A five-letter word, the second letter being "a". Nadir! The lowest point, nadir, But remember what we decided about parallers. How far is down, anyway?

Next, the Greek prefix denoting ten. Four letters. Her fingers, remembering with her, tightened about the pencil.

"Someday we'll have ten (did he say children? No—) leprechauns. We'll raise them to be pagans and never send them to any school, especially Harvard." This, in puerile defiance of Grandma Lovett who saw him through Harvard as she would have through Hell if it were the "thing to do."

"A musician!" He had been nineteen when he told her. "Decidedly not!" So there it was. Well-bred people thought about music from two to five Friday afternoons. At the tap of the baton they began appreciating.

At shorter intervals now she gleaned towards the staircase, trying not to stare at the faces rushing down towards her. Doing that simply built into a blur resembling Deschamps' several-exposured NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE. Besides, he mustn't know she had planned this meeting.

Panic shot through her like a sudden draught. Perhaps Rick had left Bevington and Crowell, Brokers, Federal Street! "They make me feel like an indentured servant." Thus, after six helpings of Scotch had Richard Edgerley Lovevtt spoken of his employers who were merely accommodating Mrs. Lavett's desire that her grandson "learn the business".

But where could he go? It was too late for Greenwich Village and Eddie Condon's; for walks at dawn about Washington Square. Anyway, none

but the strong-from-the-start can pack socks into a valise and leave a million dollars behind.

Oriental smoking-apparatus, ending with an "h". They had ventured down past Chinatown one night into the Syrian district where they discovered Hagop who wore a greasy apron, but made food "fit for Zeus, himself". Rick was, of course, equally conversant with gods and cooks who produced such magic concoctions as pilaf and broufht in shishkabob ablaze on a blackened iron rod. In the window of "Little Syria" there had been a weird pipe, the kind in which the smoke is passed through water. Its base had been handpainted for Hagop's favorite ancestor, one Bekto who had nine wives and this wonderful pipe, all his worldly goods.

"Someday I'll trade you the family portraits and silver for your precious nargileh," threatened Rick, spearing another bit of meat with his fork. The little man said nothing, but grinned, shaking his head and showing his front teeth which were black, but still not unpleasant to look at. They just made him look overdone, like his food.

"The genie says it's not for sale." Six, seven, eight letters. Nargileh, and he had rolled that "r", properly softened the "g".

Her breath caught beneath the bright scarf. Unnoticed by her he had already reached the bottom step.

She scooped up the newspaper, her purse, and hurried after what might have been just any well-dressed young man carrying just any book. (Shelley's "Works"? "Lady Chatterley's Lover"?) In Lawrences book, she recalled now, the gatekeeper had declared, "I stand for the touch of bodily awareness between human beings, and the touch of tenderness . . . it is a battle against the money, and the machine, and the insentient ideal monkeyishness of the world."

"Well, hello!" she really did sound surprised. He turned quickly, seemed startled. He forgot to touch his hat.

"How have you been?" They both said it at once, their words washing into the roar of an approaching train.

Riding the subway with him had always been fun. Now they were one with the drone and there was nothing to say.

"And what are we reading lately?" He held the book so that she might see. Arnolds "Poems".

"Your hair is very becoming that way." Lunchtime today had been a quick sandwich and a quicker combing at the hairdresser's next door. She had had her hair piled high on her head, hoping it would please him. He was still speaking, "but, then, it's always becoming." Well, now, we've admitted that we know each other from some other time, some other place. I was about to ask someone to introduce us, the conductor, anyone. Rick, Irma; Irma, Rick. How do you do?

Why do trains stop between stations? Why don't people leave well-enough alone?

"Washington!"

"I change here." I had to say that even though you know.

He seemed to be looking past her. "Nice seeing you," he said. This time he remembered to touch his hat.

(Continued on page 45)

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She almost hoped that he would follow, yet knew he wouldn't, just as she had known he wouldn't call after the last time. They had been right for each other, true, but the chance can be only once and their chance was wasted. It was too much to expect Fate to retrace Her steps.

Her being was tight with grief for both of them.

Irma bought a chocolate bar. "Quick pick-up" it said on the wrapper. She broke off a square of chocolate, slipped it beneath her tongue. She saw herself an old maid buying bon-bons on the way home each night, receiving books in plain wrappers by mail. She felt just a trifle sick.

Irma caught the vibration of the train pulling out of the station before, glanced at the clock. Just time to connect with my bus! Suddenly she knew she wasn't going to make any bus. The Hawk played fine sax and D. H. Lawrence wore a beard. Grandma, dying, was being measured for a shroud by Hattie Carnegie while in an adjacent room Rick puffed furiously on the nargileh. Ten leprechauns in assorted colors sat about him on the floor.

"What if she lives," he was asking them, "and I have to explain where the silver went to? and Great-great-grandfather Ames' portrait by Benjamin Thompson?" Then she was listening to Brahms' "First" performed in the middle of South Station, Bevington of Federal Street on the podium. Funny thing, Thanksgiving Day and everyone eating shish-kabob! Do you hear what the music is saying?

Five letters. Think, if you still care to think. "A hymn sung at funerals." The newspaper slipped to the ground, a man rushed forward a step too late. The train dragged to a halt, covering her. Like hairpins drawn to a beautician's magnet the commuters bunched together on the platform. They could have gone downstairs, reached home via a different route. But they had to see. Tonight Irma would be a table-talk. There would be lamb chops, peas, and Irma's auburn hair which would have to be scraped from the floor of the pit.

Miss Philomena Pfeiffer, handmaiden to Jessup Bros. since NRA, breathed her impatience into the damp subway air. Bending over to pick up a newspaper lying on the ground she wished herself home, rolling down her cotton stockings and listening to Gabriel Heatter. She mustn't forget to feed the canary.

The newspaper was a bit dirty. She rubbed at a heel-print, settled down on the bench to read.

There are people who go back into a house to straighten out a rug whose corner they had noticed turned up, or back into offices to place pencils and to end (like circus elephants) in a desk-drawer tray. Because Miss Pfeiffer was one of these meticulous souls, she was outraged upon discovering an incomplete crossword puzzle. With a resolute gesture she opened her bag, withdrew from it a freshly-sharpened soft-lead pencil and a flat tin box. Popping a liver pill into her mouth, she started at one-across where Irma had never thought to begin.

"Chaste," she mused, "four letters."

Perhaps in filling in those squares Miss Pfeiffer felt just a trifle smug.

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TERESA MACRI, THE "MAID OF ATHENS"

(Continued from page 8)

the magnificent beauty of the daughter is a sufficient and most satisfactory demonstration that it once existed in the mother. Let me add, that Mrs. Black is an excellent housekeeper, her house being one of the best ordered in all Greece. But if there is one thing in which she surpasses the rest of her sex, it is the art of pickling olives." In another connection Felton writes: "Mrs. Black will not speak a word of English; but she is a sprightly woman yet, and must have been very *piguante* and handsome when Byron was here."

We have Samuel Prime's description of Teresa in 1858, who reports the meeting as follows: "At the Piraeus we called with Dr. [Jonas] King upon Mrs. Black . . . She received us with great courtesy, and we were introduced by Dr. King, who performed the marriage ceremony, uniting her to Mr. Black . . . Her daughter gave us, in her youthful beauty, a better idea of what the mother was when the poet addressed her than we should have had if this young lady had not risen from her couch to which she was confined by illness, and suffered herself to be presented."

Two other travellers published their works in 1859. Of these, John B. Ireland actually saw Mrs. Black on October 29, 1851. He remarks, "Mrs. B., dark hair and eyes, with pretty teeth. The daughter is a very pretty young lady of nineteen." The other was Bayard Taylor, who writes: "Mrs. Black . . . has transmitted her charms to a lovely Greco-Scottish daughter."

In 1860, the Reverend Walter Colton describes a visit with Teresa. "The deepest charm," says he, "of which Egina, with all its beauties, can boast, is in the presence of one poetically known to the reader as the 'Maid of Athens.' She resides in a little cottage, in the borders of the village, with everything around her mildly partaking of romance sprinkled through her history. In her person she is slightly formed, hardly reaching the medium stature, and yet presenting all the graces of a rich symmetry. A very small foot and hand give a lightness to her attitude and motions; while a deep blue eye sheds softness over the expression and delicately harmonized features of her face . . . . the glossy fulness of dark hair is made to assume the beautiful form of the turban. . . . The bloom and vivacity which once colored in her cheeks, and gave a childlike sprightliness to her manner, though still at times half surviving and betrayed, have yielded to a paler aspect, and a more subdued air. Her countenance, which appears to reveal the undisguised flow of her feelings, has a mingled expression of diffidence, tenderness, and sorrow.

"You would think, from her look, that some portion of her life had been darkly overcast; that some hope fondly cherished had been broken; or that some memory clung to her heart, still pointing to one that had now passed beyond the reach of her sympathy, and a perception of her grief. Yet there is a tone of cheerfulness in her conversation, a playfulness in her fancy, that leads you at times half to doubt if there be any permanent weight upon the delicate wings of her spirit.

In speaking, she becomes instantly animated; her eye dilates, her countenance lightens up, her voice, without losing any of its sweetness, becomes more assured, every look and tone is full of soul; when suddenly, as if some thought to which you are a stranger had swept through her breast, she appears to struggle between a current of emotions wholly new, and those to which she had partially given utterance. And yet, the blushing delicacy with which she escapes from this momentary embarrassment, touches you more than the most eloquently turned period.

"I do not wonder that one so alive to beauty and the romance of sentiment, as Byron, should have breathed with deep grief and love his final adieu to the Maid of Athens. If so youthful and attractive in the summer of life, what must she have been among the buds and mysteries of its May? If her eye still swims in its melting beam, how soul-inspiring must have been its light, when that brow was yet unshaded by care, and that breast unacquainted with the coldness and hypocrisy of the world!"

Countess Guiccioli, writing in 1869, not from personal knowledge of Teresa, but as one who may have heard about Teresa from the lips of Byron himself, states that after he returned to Athens from Constantinople, in order to enjoy his cherished independence, he "would not even give himself the destruction of seeing those lovely young faces he used to admire behind the geraniums in their windows, and which had charmed him some months before he took up his abode at the Franciscan convent."

Thomas W. Knox visited Athens in 1873 and gives a humorous or would-be humorous account. "One afternoon," says he, "while we were wandering about Athens and its suburbs, our guide pointed to a low house of most unpretending appearance."

As we looked, "we saw at one of the windows the face of an old, very old woman. . . . Whether the Maid of Athens was ever beautiful as Byron represented her, I am unable to say. When I saw her it was more than fifty years after penning of the poem, and fifty years, you know, will make great changes in the features and forms of the best of us. The face I saw at the window was old, withered, and wrinkled; it was not an unpleasant face, but age and sorrow had obliterated all her beauty which may have shone there half a century ago."

According to Demetrios Gr. Kampouroglos, who knew the girls in their later years, they studied music from a teacher of the Seven Islands (Heptanesos), who was one of the family of the Remantas: letters from John Venizelos, and later from Samuel Kouvelanos; while Teresa received instruction from the priest Cyril Manganas of the St. Leousa Church. From their uncle Phocion Roque as well as from Louis-Francois-Sebastian Fauvel they learned some French, while from Batista Lusieri they learned some Italian. From their aunt Theodora and doubtless from English travellers in general, they learned some English. The three girls had a natural grace and a pleasing manner and conversation. They had an undying

(Continued on page 49)

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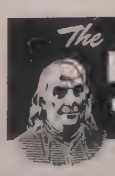
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS of AUGUST 24, 1912, MARCH 3, 1933 and JULY 2, 1946

of ATHENE, published quarterly —at Chicago, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1949
State of Illinois—County of Cook.

Before me a notary public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Demetrios A. Michalaros, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of the Athene and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933 embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, is D. Michalaros 919 Wellington Ave., Chicago. Business Manager, John Dariotis, 3503 S. 53rd St., Cicero, Ill.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders, owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Demetrios A. Michalaros. 919 Wellington Ave., Chicago.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of October, 1949.

W. JONCKE
(My commission expires March 26, 1950)

smile, snow-white teeth. Apparently they were not talkative, and in this they resembled their mother, Tarsia. Kampouroglos describes all the girls rather minutely, but I shall give only his description of Teresa, since I reserve the other members of the Macri family and their relatives for another paper on the Macri Family and Its Surroundings, in which I hope to take up matters pertaining to the Macris and their relatives and friends.

Kampouroglos describes Teresa (Thyrza, Loula, Greek Θηρεσία as "a pure brunette. She had a natural paleness of face which took on slightly a rosy color on many occasions from the least cause. . . . The lines of her features were Greek. She had strong, bright eyes, shaded by long thick eyebrows which were, like her hair and eyelids, black as the wings of a crow." According to him, her eyes "nailed the beauty lover on the spot." The same states that Teresa "never laughed. But when she smiled, she exhibited a concentrated sweetness in it. She had a mysterious charm which was all the more captivating because she was unconscious of it." Kampouroglos, fictionalizing, makes Byron say to Hobhouse: "Look at the third, my friend . . . that brunette one! . . . Does she not seem to you like the sweet sunset of Athens which we saw for the first time from the heights round the Athenian plains. . . . For her I could jump even into an abyss. She is pain πόνος desire πόθος longing ἵμερος

The last person who saw Mrs. Black before she died, as far as I know, was Anthony Martelaus, who is quoted by Rowland E. Prothero as having visited her in August, 1875. He describes her as "a tall old lady, with features inspiring reverence, and showing that at a time past she was a beautiful woman."

As we have seen from the above liberal excerpts from various eye-witnesses, there seems to be substantial agreement regarding the various characteristics of Mrs. Black. Peter Quennell reports that Byron had received from Teresa "one of her dark-red, beautifully braided tresses," which apparently Byron brought to England and put among other tresses given him by some of his other woman friends. This dark-red color, since Quennell speaks from actual observation rather than hearsay, could mean that her hair was not actually black, but rather dark brown or chestnut which looks quite dark, but the general impression which it gives can be interpreted variously, from brown to black, like the ancient Greek word "Melas". Reverend Colton gives her deep blue eyes, and Willis large and of a soft liquid hazel, while the other observers give her dark or black eyes. This is no real contradiction, since dark eyes can look full of light and sometimes lighter than they actually are, depending upon the amount or the angle of light which strikes them, as is also the case with the color of the hair, and even that of the skin. A dark skin can look less dark when illumined by plenteous light. One thing is clear, upon which all observers agree: she was a brunette and had a rather dark skin, with no "roses" on it. I fear it was so originally rather than that the roses

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should have faded so early in Teresa's life, even if we were to admit that girls in Greece did or do fade rather early in their youth. Eye-witnesses agree fairly well regarding the height of Teresa, from rather below the middle stature to a little above it, with the exception of Martelaus, who makes her a tall old lady; and at the time he saw her, she might have appeared to him rather tall or angular, especially in comparison to the average Greek women whom Martelaus saw every day in the streets of Athens and the Peiraeus. Brockedon states that she had grown fat, and this is the only reference to her "fatness." which one might quite properly doubt to have actually been the case, in view of the frequent mention by travellers of her sprightliness and litheness. The most damaging of all the accounts is that of the anonymous writer quoted by Brewer, who states that in 1834 Teresa had a large family, was starving, and had not a single vestige of beauty. Who this vitriolic individual was, we do not know, but it may be stated here that it is a pity that Brewer seized upon it and inserted it in *The Reader's Handbook*, which has undergone scores or reprintings under different titles and has been used by thousands, if not millions, of readers who have nothing else to judge by but the mountings of anonymity. Ecpecially is it a pity, because Thomas Moore had quoted in full Reverend William's account of the Macri family and his rather minute description of Teresa; whose account, by the way, was considered good enough to be copied in *toto* from Moore by Harold Spender, who devoted a whole book to Byron and Greece.

We may summarize the description of the Maid of Athens by saying that she was of middle statute or slightly above it; she had a dark, somewhat pale, though clear complexion, dark brown or black hair, dark eyes, and fairly regular Greek features, with a nose slightly inclined to aquiline. The disagreements reported by various observers are not so many or so big, if we remember that they did not use tape measure and callipers for their measurements, or color scale for their color impressions which they received when visiting her; but merely recorded them after they left her, and in some cases many years afterwards, with nothing else to guide them but their evanescent memory. Most of them agree that she was rather good looking, as we may infer also from Allason's portrait of her. Those who disagree with the majority of observers cannot be blamed if they did not see beauty where others saw it—*de gustibus non est disputandum*. Byron, however, was a keen lover of beauty, and thought rather well of the beauty of the Greek women, and his authority may be added to that of others to the effect that, though not entrancingly beautiful, Teresa could not have been homely, but on the contrary, handsome, especially at that early youthful age, when even the homely have a youthful bloom and charm.

Poverty dogged the steps of Teresa from the time her father died, to the very end of her life. When her husband died, in 1868, she fell into distress which was alleviated through the special appeal of the historian Finley, to which several prominent Greeks responded. This lasted until 1872, when again appeals were made through the *London Times* and subscriptions taken in her behalf. Charles F. Gounod donated the proceeds of his music to the lyric 'Maid of Athens' to Mrs. Black's sustenance, who had made, *inter alia*, two personal requests in writing, printed in the *London Times*, one of them printed in English and the other in French, the language in which she wrote it.

Before closing, we may quote Albert Brecknock: "Little did the maid of Athens while listening innocently to the compliments of the young Englishman, foresee that a day was coming when her name would be known far and wide, and her humble home be the resort of travellers from all parts of the world. After the death of the Consul, their father, Theresa and her sisters were dependent upon strangers. But though so poor, their virtue shines as conspiciously as their beauty."

Even though Mrs. Black was poor all her life, no one of all the people from far and wide who visited her lowly abode ever imputed to her or her family other than kindly, considerate, and honorable conduct. She passed her days, poor in this world's goods, but rich in spirit and in that memory of happy sunlit bygone days when the magic name of Byron shone like a meteor in her narrow horizon and left her an afterglow in its path that illumined and guided her throughout her long life amidst her joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments.

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Chicago Chapter No. 46, Order of Ahepa is holding up to its reputation as a culture-minded organization. Already this year it has given an Easter party wihch was different. As a matter of fact it was an artistic event. They invited Mr. George Bourlos to give a program based on his experience as a leading star of the Delphic festivals and he recited from Aeschylus' "Prometheus Bound". The proceeds from this party went into a special fund and 152 Greek volumes of modern Greek Authors will be donated to Chicago University libraries. Those responsible for the success of this party besides the ever enthusiastic and artistically-bent president Mr. Demetrios Pappageorge are: Sam Thimos, Christopher Gabriel, George Gust Relias, George Perakis, Michael Faklis, George Alex, Nick Christ, Bill Manos and Nick Kioutas. Former Supreme Pres. Van Nomikos and District Gov. George Kapetanakis spoke. Peter Mantzoros exhibited movies he took in various affairs. The chapter is now planning a stupendous spectacle based on the experiences of Odysseus at the Court of Alcinous. This spectacle will take place on July 2, 1950 at Pilsen Park in Chicago. Many artists will participate. In the picture above taken at the Easter party are: (l. to r.) Van Nomikos, Dr. Geo. Karaflos, pres. Holy Trinity Community, Mr. Pappageorge, pres. of the chapter and the Rev. D. Gambriles, restor of St. Nicholas Church.

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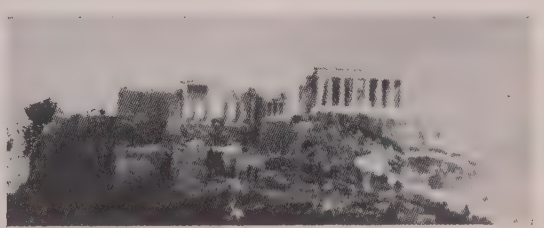

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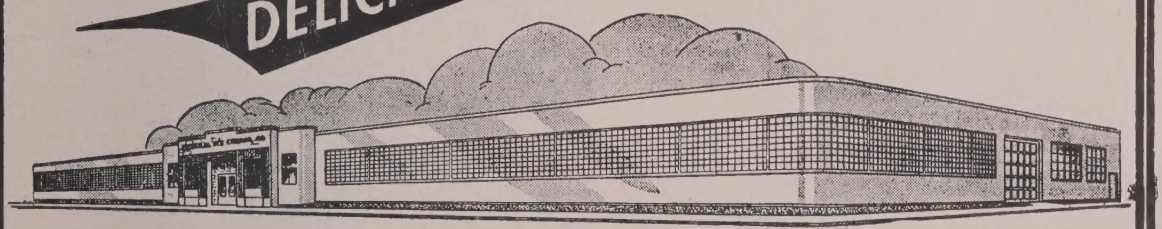

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